



Robert Gardner

land. Janet was born in 1812 and died in 1824 in Canada. By brother Archibald, the second son, was born September 3, 1815 in Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland. I was born October 12, 1819 at Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

My father emigrated to Canada in the year 1821, and brought William and Mary with him, leaving the remainder of the family, while he established a home for them. He located in a backwoods of Upper Canada in the Township of Dalhousie, Bantrest District, which was a very poor part of the country, consisting of rocky ridges covered with heavy timber, mostly hemlock, pine, cedar and some hard wood. There were also swamps and mud lakes, and only here and there small patches of land that would do to cultivate, after cutting and burning the heavy timber. There was a kind of thistle that came up among the grain which compelled us to reap it with gloves, or mittens on our hands, while cutting with a cradle.

Schooling—It was a hard, cold country to live in, but we lived there about 12 years. The people were poor and scattered and unable to maintain a school, so I was deprived of a schooling. When we got a school, I had grown to quite a size and father needed my work on the farm. I was the youngest and only one at home to help, so six weeks was all the time I ever attended school. When I started I was spelling in two-letter words, and when I quit I was a fair reader in the Testament, and was the best speller in school.

A New Home—William married a young woman named Ann Leckie. By this time, Archibald, now a young man, was tired of the country, so started west in search of better land, which he found about 500 miles in the Township of Warwick, then known as County of Kent, Western district, called Canada West. It was near the lower end of Lake Huron. He bought some land claims called W. E. claims, which then were in the market. He also entered, or made application for other land, and returned home. As soon as it was convenient he and his older brother, William, started for the new home in the west.

By this time William's wife was the mother of three children, two boys and a girl. Sister Mary went with them. Later, Mary came home, and in the following fall Mother, Mary and myself and the little boy, John, started, leaving father to follow after settling up his business.

Our fit-out was one yoke oxen and one wagon. I was fourteen years of age and had to take care of the team and wagon. This was quite an undertaking as I had never been from home before. As I stated before, Mary had gone with William, and had returned alone, and had walked much of the way. She was with us now, and was quite a help to me in showing the way. We traveled about 180 miles by wagon, and the rest of the way by steam boat. We arrived late in the fall, and father came on in the winter. We then went to work to clear off another timbered farm. The labor was hard, as we had to cut down timber, cut it in about sixteen foot lengths, haul it together with oxen, pile it in piles four or five logs high and seven or eight logs wide and set fire to it and burn it the next summer. Then we had to plant among the stumps, which took years to rot out. There were no prairies in that country, and it took a long time to make a start in those days in a new country. People who

have been raised in the far west have but little knowledge of the labor it took to make a start in the Canada timbered lands.

By this time Father and Mother were getting old and there was no one to help, except Mary and I, but I was full of life and strength and willing to work, and we soon began to gather comforts around us. In a few years my sister, Mary, married a man named George Sweeten, a native of Ireland, and lived two miles from our home.

William's Wife—William's family had increased to four children by this time. His wife had a nervous affliction and had become subject to fits and had fallen in the fire several times, and became badly burned. He was tender and kind to her, and took the best care of her he could, but he was poor and in a new country, and nothing to depend on for sustenance other than the earnings from his labor. He was unable to watch over her as closely as was necessary, and his father-in-law, living at Delhousie wrote to him to bring her back and they would take care of her until her daughter grew up or she got better. So William took her and their youngest child, William, back to her parents. She died in a few years. The son, William, remained with his grandparents and family and grew up with them. The last account I had of him, he was living in the Township of Sarnia near Lake Huron, a fine able man and had a family, but he never joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I think he was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Archie—Archibald, my father's second son, had worked for himself from the time we came to the new country and having an ambitious mind, he went into a neighboring Township called Brook and there built a flour mill and afterwards a saw mill, which was a blessing to that new country. After this he became acquainted with a young woman, Margaret Livingston, and married her.

THE NEW GOSPEL

At this time—about 1844—the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was brought to our neighborhood by an Elder whose name was John Baraman. My brother, William, joined the church, to the great surprise of Arch and I. We were not at home at the time he joined, and of course did not oppose him, but said inasmuch as he was a converted Methodist and his sins forgiven, what more did he want. If Archie or I, or those who were not converted would join him, that would be all right, but I didn't say much and went to their meetings to hear and judge for myself. The Methodist preachers used to hold their meetings in my house, but when their meetings came at the same time as the Mormon meetings I would go to the Mormon meetings two miles away, telling the Methodists that they could go on with their meetings and that my wife, my father and mother would take care of them. I wanted to hear what the Mormons had to say, but was advised not to go near them, for if I did I would be deceived, but I went when I pleased, and never went out of my way to shun them. The Methodists soon withdrew their meetings from my house. I continued to go to hear the Mormons preach, and compared their doctrine with the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles, until I was satisfied it was from God. Then I applied for baptism, which was in the first days of January 1845.

My brother William was branch clerk, and the mice got at his book and destroyed some of the records, and I did not get the exact date of my baptism. However, I never will forget the time we went about one and a half miles into the woods to get a suitable place in which to baptize. We cut a hole in the ice, about 18 inches thick, I think, and my brother, William, baptized me. While under the water, though only about a second, it seemed to me a minute, and a bright light shone around my head and had a very mild heat with it. I was confirmed while sitting on the log near the water, under the hands of Samuel Bolton and my brother William, Bolton being the mouth. I cannot describe my feelings that I had at that time, and for a long time after, but I felt like a child, and was very careful what I said and did and thought lest I might offend my Father in Heaven.

Reading and secret prayers occupied my leisure time. I kept a pocket Testament with me all the time, and I found something new on nearly every page, and kept turning down the leaves to look at those passages which were such strong prophecies in favor of Mormonism until I could hardly find anything for I had them nearly all turned down.

My sister Mary had several children, but all died young excepting two, a boy and a girl, Robert and Margaret. After some time her husband died, but left them a good home, they got along very well. After several years she married Roger Luckam, from England. They had two children, Mary and Susan.

I mentioned that six weeks was all the schooling I ever got. The little I have now, I got from that and from what my mother taught me, and from my life's experiences. I have been greatly embarrassed and handicapped because of the lack of an education. It has made me feel awkward in society, and made me prefer back seats in preference to front ones, lest I might expose my ignorance. Had I received an education I might have been more useful to the community in which I lived and it would have been quite a comfort to me instead of a worry over which I have fretted because of a lack of education.

Nothing of much importance has transpired in my life. Hard work and a willingness to meet it, and to live in peace with my neighbors, I think, have been the leading features of my life, although I was morally and religiously inclined before I heard the Gospel. The credit for this, however, I wish to give my mother, for she taught me of a God and Jesus, and though she had not heard the Gospel then, I have never had to change the opinion I had formed of them, for her teachings and my own reading of the scriptures. My father was not a praying man. He believed in being honest with his fellow man, and in being truthful, but never was steeped with sectarianism.

A Temperance Pledge—When I was about 17 or 18, the Temperance men came around and I signed the Pledge, not that I was given to drink, but they said I should sign it to encourage others who were given to drink, that they might sign it, and that pledge kept for 8 years, and I lived in a neighborhood where whiskey was nearly as common as water at all public places. I was alone in the pledge, and was often sneered at when urged to drink and would not, but after they saw they could not make an impression on me they then gave me credit every time I refused.

About that time I joined what was called the Methodist church, the

only religious sect in that place. I thought they were sincere, and I believe some were, but I found that many were hypocrites, and that was something I always despised. Nevertheless I thought my salvation was between me and my God, and their hypocrisy would not affect me unless I took part in it, which I was not inclined to do.

1841-1846

Jane—About that time I became acquainted with Jane McKeown. She was Canadian born, of Irish parentage. We were married March 17, 1841 by David Hardy, a Methodist minister. On account of my father's and mother's age, I did not want to leave them alone. I was the only one living at home with them, so I took my wife home so we could live with them or they live with us. The home belonged as much to one as the other, and they wished me to bring my wife there.

Then I started out with fresh vigor to work on the farm, intending to make a big crop that season. The first day I started to plow I worked until the stars were shining. The next day I was sick. The next day I was shaking with the ague and kept it up for months. I did not do another day's work until hay time in the fall. I was reduced so that I could not walk. Father was not able to do much. I thought it was a hard way to make a start in life, however, I was not discouraged, and I went to work again as soon as I could. We had no stores to go to then, from which to get our clothes, but we kept our own sheep in that country, and our women cleaned and carded the wool, or sent it to a carding machine 30 or 50 miles away, and then spun it on wheels by hand into balls of yarn, and wove it on hand-looms into cloth, from which they made the clothes for both men and women.

Our first child was born 31 December, 1841 at Warwick, Kent County, Canada West. We named him Robert Rierson. Our next child was a girl, born 13 February, 1843 at the same place. We named her Mary Jane. Our next was a daughter, born September 11, 1844 at the same place and we named her Margaret.

I had no trouble believing the Book of Mormon, for I had a burning testimony in my bosom every time I took the book to read, once after reading it for some time, I came to that part where the Lord made the promise of this very testimony. When there was no room for doubt. Everything was so plain to me. I thought I had nothing to do but run and tell my neighbors, and they would believe it all. But what a mistake I made. With but a few exceptions I found it was "casting pearls before swine!"

The Family and the New Church—Shortly after I joined the church, my brother Archibald, next oldest to me, who lived 8 miles from us, came to see us and attended meeting. He seemed to be ripe for the Gospel and was ready for the water with reasonable investigation and an honest heart, and shortly after was baptized. He and I were soon after ordained Elders in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mother was a Methodist, but never fought against the new Gospel, and believed it right away. After a while she was taken very sick and did not expect to live. She wished to be baptized. Our neighbors said if we put her in the water they would have us tried for murder for she

would surely die. But we put her on a sled and hauled her two miles through the snow and cut a hole in the ice and baptized her in the presence of as many as came to see her die. One man declared if she did not die that night he would be a Mormon the next day, but next day he met her near the same place where he made the statement as she was on her way on foot going to her daughter's. He looked at her, gave a nod, gazed at her as if he had seen a ghost, but never spoke, nor ever joined the church. When we had taken her home from baptizing and taken her out of the blankets and her wet clothes and got her to bed she was quite well.

My only sister, Mary, and her husband, Roger Luckam, next joined the church. The family had now all joined the church except father. He was the first one in the family who believed and swore that it was the only true church on earth and he had believed that doctrine for forty years. When anyone came to oppose it he would swear at them for he would swear sometimes. He had never joined any religion but believed in being honest and doing right. We had a branch organized with about 25 members. My oldest brother, William, was presiding Elder and Clerk of the Branch.

A VISIT TO NAUVOO

As soon as I embraced the Gospel, I had a strong desire to go to Nauvoo to see the Apostles and Saints in their gathering place, a distance of about 500 miles. A young man named James Park and I left Canada about the first of June 1845 and traveled about 30 miles to Port Sarnia. There we took a steamer to Chicago and then traveled on foot to Nauvoo, a distance of 160 miles. We made the trip in two weeks. My mother and wife made me a lot of crackers and I put them in a two bushel sack and when I traveled on foot I packed them on my back. They lasted me to Nauvoo. The sack was not full when we reached there either, but it was a pretty good day for crackers. Better than it was for money. I only had enough to pay my steamboat ride and enough to pay six cents a night for my bed and all the rest was crackers. I had five dollars in all to make the round trip to Nauvoo and back to Canada.

When we reached Nauvoo there was not a soul there whom I knew, and unlike other towns we could not find a tavern nor a house of entertainment. We traveled around until bed time. But finally we got the privilege of sleeping on a man's carpet, for which we were very thankful, and were not the least discouraged.

James Park, having been there once before, found a place the second day where he worked for his board, and remained in Nauvoo. But I only came to stay a couple of weeks then return to my family.

In looking around the Temple, which was under erection, I got a little acquainted with Archibald N. Hill, who was working at the hoisting. He invited me to come and sleep with his children on the trundle bed, and get something to eat. I accepted the trundle bed, but could not have the heart to do much eating, for I soon found out that the Saints in Nauvoo were very poor, and were spending most of their time on the Temple without pay, and I didn't have money to pay for boarding with them, but by getting a place to sleep, and buying a 3 cent loaf of bread at the bakery each day, I got along first rate.

I traveled around town a good deal, and some in the country, made some acquaintances, heard some of the Apostles preach, and learned a little of how the Kingdom of God was built up. I began to get very much attached to the people. I had a chat with Brigham Young. I stayed two weeks and started back for Canada, but my two bushel sack was empty this time, but I had a little faith and a very little money. When I got outside of Nauvoo, I turned and looked back and wept, for my heart was with the Saints. I said: "I will soon see you again." I started again for Chicago, 160 miles away, on foot and alone this time. I well recollect when I used to get lonesome crossing the wide prairie, very thinly settled then, and sat down to rest, singing the hymn "Hail to the Prophet Ascended to Heaven . . ." I would then get up and go on my way rejoicing.

When I reached Chicago, I had neither begged nor stolen, but my money was all gone. I boarded all the steamboats in the harbor to get a chance to work my passage down the Lakes, but all refused me until I came to the last one. I began to feel like praying in right good earnest then. I don't recollect now whether my faith was failing or getting stronger, but I know that was the last chance, so the Captain when asked said: "Yes, come on in the morning and pack wood with the Negroes." The morning came and the negroes came with two sticks on which to pile and carry the wood. The colored man was so much larger than I that he had to get the largest ends of the sticks and pile the wood against my arms. When he got tired another would come and change with him, but this poor Mormon had no change. I soon made friends on the boat and got along fine, but this boat took me one hundred miles past where I wanted to land. So I had to turn back, and got home all right. I was welcomed by my family, friends and Branch. I was only gone from home 6 weeks, and would not take a big sum for the experiences I got on that trip.

To Build the Kingdom—I believe the experience I gained while at Nauvoo, though only two weeks, was of use to the branch as well as to myself for there were some who had more enthusiasm than wisdom and thought if they could only make their way to Nauvoo, their troubles would be over. They had an idea that they could go from house to house and eat their bread with singleness of heart as the Saints did in olden times. But the little time I was in Nauvoo I saw that the Saints were very poor, and were spending their time and means in building a large and costly Temple, working by day and watching the mob by night and had need to be helped rather than to help those who were gathering in from their homes, who had not come through the mobbings and hardships that the Nauvoo Saints had come through.

I found it did not take much reasoning to convince the Saints of this fact, and see the necessity of making the best use of their time and means they could, being self sustaining at least, and prepare to gather with the Saints as soon as possible, and to help build up the Kingdom of God. I found this teaching was received by the Saints in the same spirit in which it was given.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

The following winter, a brother, John A. Smith, was sent from Nauvoo to our branch to tell us that the Saints were driven from Nauvoo by the mob, and would leave that winter for the Rocky Mountains, and if we wanted to travel with them there was no time to lose.

The Branch received the message with thankful hearts, and all went to work to dispose of their property the best they could, and fitted themselves out with teams and wagons, tents and other things for a 1600 mile journey. Property at that time was very low in price. My father and I sold our farm consisting of 100 acres, fifty of it cleared off and farmed, with a barn 60 feet long, 30 feet of it covered with walnut boards and pine shingles, with a 60 foot shed frame and a good log house, all for \$500.00.

Business Affairs—All who were going with ox teams started some time in the winter. I think all the Branch started excepting my father, my oldest brother, William, myself, and our families. We were ready to go when the first went, but my brother Archibald had a good deal of property in shape of grist and saw mills, which could not be easily disposed of. He had taken a contract in company with four or five other men to get out a certain number of oak staves for a man named Garish. The season was not favorable for rafting and they failed to get them out in time so my brother offered to lose all he had done provided he could be released from the contract, but Mr. Garish would not do it and sent the Sheriff with a mob after him because my brother was a Mormon. He was too smart for them, for after a friend had told him they were after him he started that night and traveled 40 miles on foot and by sunrise that morning was on the Canadian shore of the river, St. Clair, at the foot of Lake Huron. This river divided Canada and the U. S. The river was one mile wide and had been frozen over, but was breaking up. There was a narrow space near the American side, that was open and the ice was breaking, but there was no ferrying and there was no backing down with Archibald. Though it looked bad he had faith and started on the ice for the open water where there was some loose running ice. But just as he got to the waters edge a large cake of ice came down the river and stuck fast. He jumped on it and ran to the solid ice on the other side. The men in the town of Black River where he was making for saw him coming and they ran to meet him with poles, fence rails and boards to try and save him, but he reached solid ice before they met him and he reached the shore in safety. He then turned and looked at the Canadian shore where he saw the sheriff and his posse. He bade them goodbye and started for Nauvoo.

This was the cause of our staying behind. Father and I had to settle up his business and fit out his family and start them with the ox teams. When the ox company started I went to the river to help them cross. Here the same possee came again and attached all the teams and wagons to get my brother's property, but no one would tell them which was his. Then they tried to get me to compromise. I talked with them, trying to find what hold they had. I began to find out they were working at a big scare, and they thought they had done it. They said they would go and get out papers for me to sign and when I signed them they would let the teams

go. I told them I would look at their papers after they got them. While they were gone getting the papers some of the men and boys of the town turned out and threw down the fence where our teams and wagons were corralled and told us to dive out. This was soon done. I got my brother's teams first on the boat and before they got back they were nearly over and the rest of the company soon followed. They still wanted me to go and sign their papers, but I said I must see the company over first, which I did. They got so very obliging and the teams were all over in Michigan that I thought it was not a very good time to scare, so I went with them to see their papers. I looked them over, but finding a statement to the effect that I was to pay all the demands they had made against my brother, I quickly told them: "I guess not." About that time it was easy to see where the scare came in. They were a very mad set of men. I was very cool, for the teams were all over the river a little before sundown.

I started from Port Sarnia—that was the name of the town in which we had the fuss—on horseback for home. It was about 30 miles and thru timber nearly all the way. A little after dark the posse overtook me and then some big talk commenced. But they found out that I did not scare worth a cent so after a while they passed on ahead and I was very glad, though they never knew I was scared. I knew my troubles were not ended for I had much business to attend to right where the crowd was watching me all the time. I had no time to lose and went right along with my affairs, placing my trust in the Lord.

At a Tavern—After getting our business nearly wound up, my father and I went up to London, a town 30 miles distant, to pay for our farm. We put up at a tavern that night, but I couldn't sleep. The dogs barked all night although that was not strange in that town. I got up and looked out the window and spoke to father who slept in another bed in the room. He said he could sleep after a while. I finally fell asleep and dreamed I saw two personages sitting in front of my bed seemingly talking over my situation. One said to the other: "Isn't he in great danger?" The other replied: "No, if he will beware of the doctrine and commandments of men." When I awakened I felt better. I thought I would watch their sayings close next day. We attended our business and started home and walked 9 miles that day and put up at a tavern, and after dark went to a store to do some trading. It was raining hard. The outer door was open and I happened to look that way and saw a strange face peeping in. I didn't like it though nearly all of the people of the town were strangers to me. What had happened the night before still ran in my mind. After a while two men came in and still I did not like their looks, and shortly they stepped up to me and said: "You are our prisoner." They took me to the Tavern and into a back room, locked the door and fastened the windows, and loaded their pistols and laid them on the table.

Delayed Again—I was tired and vexed when thinking of being delayed from starting on our western journey. They were set as guard over me, and after a while one went to sleep in his chair. The other came and laid his legs right across me. I was sadly tempted to draw my legs and kick him in the stomach, for I could have knocked the last breath out of him and seized the pistols before the other could wake up. I studied the matter over, and if I had been in Canada alone, that was what I would

have done, but my father was in the Tavern and our families were home awaiting our return so I bore the treatment until morning. They then made me walk back 9 miles to London through deep mud without breakfast and then ordered me in jail. It happened an old friend of my father's met me there and asked what was the matter. I told him. He was a lawyer and he said to them: "Leave this man here until I examine your papers. I will be responsible for him." He found that they had the old papers which were gotten up at Port Sarnia without my name attached to them. He then told me to go home and when court next sat, if they brought the case up he would defend me, for he was satisfied they would do nothing more about it. Still, if they took some turn he was not aware of and he lost the case, he wanted me to promise if he wrote to me that I would pay him the money for he would not like to lose it. I said I would be glad to do so if I knew where I was going and I was sure I could send it. But then I didn't know where they (the Saints) were going and whether they could communicate with the rest of mankind or not, and I did not want to deceive him for he had been so kind to me. He then said to me: "If you have any notes not collected leave them so I can get them." He let me go and I left the notes with James Porter, and when I went on a mission 10 years after to Canada, I received the money which had been collected. It was my brother Archie's. That good old friend was John Wilson, a Scotchman.

I will have to say here that when I went to Nauvoo on a visit I received a Patriarchal blessing from William Smith, and he told me that in time I would meet a friend. If I had not met this man or some other friend I would have had to go to jail 9 months awaiting the sitting of the court. By thus having been befriended I started home on foot, a distance of 30 miles, for father had taken the team with him. We soon got ready then started west sometime in March. We had horse teams and it was a terrible wet season of the year and was muddy everywhere.

On the Way—We traveled across Michigan and took the nearest route we could for Nauvoo. We were met by my brother Archie and John Baraman, the elder who organized our branch. They met us at Ottawa on Fox River, LaSalle County, Illinois. At that time the weather was good and the roads were fine. We overtook the ox teams a few days before we got to Nauvoo, having reached there on the 6th day of April.

FROM NAUVOO TO WINTER QUARTERS

We remained in Nauvoo a few days and bought our outfits for the mountains—flour, parched corn, corn meal, and such things, and seeds as we would need on the way and after we arrived at our resting place. That was a good place to camp. The Saints had nearly all left who were able, and their houses were standing empty and unsold. We could have brick, frame, log or stone houses in which were some of the furnishings—chairs, and bedsteads, etc. The Saints had been driven away and what they could not readily sell they had to leave. We had no desire to remain longer than to get our outfits.

Trading—We crossed the Mississippi river and passed Montrose and went to the Bluffs a few miles North of Montrose and camped. I then went up in Iowa trying to trade my horses for oxen. I found oxen had

been bought up and were hard to find. I had one Canadian horse that was very bad with the heaves, but I was told it soon left in the west, I came across a man one day of whom I inquired if he had any oxen to trade me for that horse. He said no, but he had a fine mare he would give me for him. I went to see her, but rode my horse very slow lest he would begin to heave. The mare was a very fine one, but I had to give him \$14.00 to boot. I didn't want to stay long lest Pat would begin to heave, so I got on the mare and thought I had done it. I rode about two miles and passed another man. He asked me if I had bought that mare. I said yes, wasn't she a fine one. He said: "Yes, but she is stone blind." That took me down a notch. However, I did not go back for old Pat. I had been fooled but there might be some more fools out on my track so I went on. Shortly I met a man with a fine team and fine buggy and he was well dressed with every thing gay. I thought he was a Preacher or a Judge or a Lawyer or someone smart. He stopped, for he had his eyes on my mare and I had mine on his horse. So he bantered me for a trade. He said his horse had no fault but too much life, and asked me what the character of mine was. I told him he must be his own judge for I had just got her. He took out his spectacles and examined her closely and pronounced her good. He took off his harness from his, and I unsaddled and we were both soon away from the trade ground.

Later I traded that horse for one yoke of oxen and bought another oxen and one cow and went back to camp. We then rigged up our ox teams in place of horses and started west. We traveled about 12 miles and camped for the night. Here my son, William, was born in my wagon. It had rained so hard all night that the water was up to our boot-tops around our wagons. This was in Lee County, Iowa. Next morning we fixed up my wife and her baby as comfortable as possible and started on for the companies from Nauvoo, which were all ahead of us.

The Company—At Bonapart we bought more flour for our teams were now strengthened and we were pushing on for the Missouri River, expecting to overtake the main camp of Saints there. By this time our company had the name of the Canada Company, for we traveled pretty near together.

There were the following: John Park, William Park, David Park, and families; James Hamilton and family, James Rilfoil and family, Samuei Belton and daughter, James Crage, John Barrowman, George Correy and family, Andrew Conney and family, Brother Janner and family, my brother William and family, my brother Archibald and family, my father and mother, and myself and family, and John Smith and family.

Iowa was a new and thinly settled territory and many of the Saints being poor, not having teams sufficient to travel were counseled to stop where the land was not taken up and put in crops until they could help themselves. They started at a place called Garden Grove, one place called Pisgah and other places. Some of our camp dropped off at these places and the rest went on. We overtook what was known as Orson Hyde's camp near Miskete Creek, close by the Missouri River.

Here I began to see some of the suffering of the Saints. The first night we came to this camp, a terrible rain storm came upon us with thunder and wind. Next morning it was painful to see the Saints with their tents blown down and wagon covers torn off, and all soaked in the

rain. I went to one tent where it had been blown down and found a woman sitting on the ground with a young baby. Both were shaking with the ague, and a number of larger children were sitting around her in the wet clothing all shaking with the same malady. No one was able to help the other. I asked the woman where her husband was. She said he was called off to go to Mexico to fight for Uncle Sam, who had driven us to the wilderness to endure these sufferings. I tried to gather up her tent, but could not. It was worn out and torn to pieces. They had been driven from Nauvoo in the dead of winter in the depth of poverty, and had traveled through deep snow. The men would have to leave part of their family by the way and travel perhaps for a week and then go back for the rest with the same team until they and nearly everything they had were worn out. Many died by the way from hardship.

We next traveled on for a few miles to the main camp at the Liberty pole on Miskete Creek where President Young and Council were making up the rest of the 500 men of the Battalion to go to Mexico. The men were soon raised and were started off, leaving their families in wagons and tents if they had them, but some were without tents or wagons there in the middle of the Indian country.

The next thing was to cross the Missouri River. The first company had built a boat. When my brother William got his team and wagon on it, one yoke of wild steers jumped in and caught their tails and headed them around and swam them to the other side, holding to their tails.

After crossing we then traveled about a half day to a camping ground near a grove of timber, which was called Custer's Park. The season was now far spent and so many of our best men had gone to Mexico so President Young thought best to go no further this fall, but find winter quarters, cut hay for our stock and start on early in the spring.

WINTER QUARTERS

A townsite was selected down on the river, called Winter Quarters. Streets and lots were laid out and given out to the people. In a few days a town of houses was in sight. Large stacks of hay were cut, stock was taken to herd grounds, a large log meeting house was built, and a good grist mill was built to grind the corn and wheat the people had brought with them. Houses and wood had to be provided for the families of those who had gone on in the Battalion. Meat markets were erected, chair makers set up shop, and nearly all kinds of work got under way, as though the people were going to stay for years. Men that could work had to work nearly night and day, for many of the older men were taken with disease called the black leg and were entirely helpless. Many died of the disease. Their legs from the knees down would get as black as coal. My father and eldest brother and brother-in-law, and brother's only boy big enough to help him, all had it. This left the work of five families on Archie and me.

I will here go back to our stay in Winter Quarters. My brother, James Crage, and I got out the timber for the first grist mill. I did the hewing with a beveled axe. While I was doing this I was taken with fever and ague. I thought I wouldn't give up, but I had to. I went home and went to bed. When my brother and Crage came home I got them

to administer to me. Next morning I was well and at work by daylight and kept on till dark.

In time of snow storms, I have visited families of men that had gone in the Battalion, and found them in open log houses without any chinking. And it snowed as fast inside as it did outside. They had nothing but green cottonwood to burn. I got them dry wood and helped them all I could. It was just hard times and there was no one to blame. Men were so scarce and so many were sick and dying that I have had to go and help the sexton bury the dead. Yet the authorities kept up their meetings and now and then they would have a dance to keep up the spirits of the people.

Because they had to stay there that winter and use up their provisions, many had to go to Missouri to work and trade for provisions and seed to take them across the plains. It was our intention to start west early in the spring, but the First Presidency and the Twelve thought it would be best to start a small company of pioneers ahead of the general company, to look out for a location and try to get in some crops. So they, with others, started about the 5th of April, 1847.

TO THE VALLEY OF GREAT SALT LAKE

Elders John Taylor and Parley P. Pratt arrived in Winter Quarters from a mission in England while the Saints were getting ready to start, and we traveled with them across the plains. Most of the company left Winter Quarters and the other camps early in June and went to the Horn River, 20 miles away. They organized near there on the Platte River at Liberty Pole and started on the 15th. We had to cross the river on a raft. We made it of logs and pulled it across by a rope and men's strength. We decided to try ox strength in place of men and it proved successful, but my wagon was the first tried with oxen and we lacked experience. The team started before the wagon was blocked or balanced on the boat, being too near the rear end of the raft and the rope was hitched to the front end so that it raised the front up and my wagon and family and all I had began to roll back into the river. I caught the hind wheel and held it until it was across, but the raft was nearly on end. God helped us and we were saved.

The next day the rope that pulled the raft broke and I swam the river twice to get it. I tied it and kept ferrying in my wet clothes. This gave me the fever and ague again and it stayed with me half the way across the plains.

Death on the Plains—At the organization, before spoken of, we were placed under Captains of hundreds and fifties and tens. Elder John Taylor, then one of the Twelve, now the president of the Church, traveled in our company. Our traveling was smooth until we got about one hundred miles to a place called the Pawnee Village, a deserted Indian town. There the train stopped to fix a bridge and I was several teams back in the rear so I started on to help, but had gone but a few steps when my nigh wheel leader turned off the road to pick grass, and my oldest boy, Robert, there in the wagon, being a very careful boy stepped down off the tongue to stand at the oxen's head until I could come back. In doing so the nigh wheeler ox kicked him, throwing him under the

wheel and then started up. The wagon ran both nigh wheels over his bowels.

I was near enough to see it all, but I couldn't get to him in time to save him. We laid him in the wagon and started on. That afternoon he got out of the wagon and ran along and played to show me that he was not much hurt and to try and make us feel better, but he soon got into the wagon and never got out again without help. He lived until we traveled several hundred miles and died on Deer Creek on the Platte River. He seemed to get worse every day. He was hurt in the kidneys and suffered fifty deaths. He lived until there was nothing left but skin and bones. I had to drive my team and sit and hold him and watch his suffering day and night during over five hundred miles of traveling. My wife did all she could, but she had three other very small children to attend to and she was sick part of the time herself. I was shaking with ague every other day. Our relatives did all they could for us and so did our friends, but everyone had their hands full. We buried him on the bank of the Platte River. He was about five and a half years old. In the fall season when my brother was passing that way he had to re-bury him. Wolves had broken into the grave.

Other Son Hurt—The next heavy trouble happened near Fort Bridger, about one hundred miles from Salt Lake Valley. Here my only boy left, William, fell under the wagon while it was going and the same two wheels that had run over Robert, ran over his two ankles. I picked him up and the Elders came and administered to him and he was all right in a few days. My wagon was heavily loaded for three yoke of oxen, and I saw the wheels go over both his ankles, there was no mistaking it. I afterwards threw some large buffalo bones under the same wheels and they were crushed to powder.

IN THE VALLEY OF GREAT SALT LAKE

With many other difficulties we made our way across the rivers, thru the rough canyons, and over the mountains and reached Salt Lake Valley at the mouth of Emigration Canyon on October 1, 1847. My wagon was badly broken and my team nearly given out. I was given out. We took a look over the Valley and there was not a house to be seen or anything else in sight to give us welcome, but we were glad to see a resting place and felt to thank God for the sight.

We then drove down to the camping place, afterward called the old Fort, now the lower part of Salt Lake City. I unyoked my oxen and sat down on my broken wagon tongue, and said I could not go another day's journey. The rest of the family were nearly as bad off as I, though not quite, for they had not had so much sickness in their families as I had. However, that was a happy day for all of us. We know that this was a place where we could worship God according to the dictates of our conscience and mobs would not come, at least for a while.

The families that belonged to the Canada company who reached there at that time were John, William and David Park and families; George Correy and family; Roger Luckham, my brother-in-law and his family; my mother and father, Archibald and I and our families. Crage came with the Pioneers and John Barrowman went with the Battalion

and to the valley by way of California. The rest of the company remained back until they got ready with teams and outfits, and some stayed back and apostatized.

At Work—Brother Archie and I soon went to work building a saw mill at Warm Springs, two miles north of the present site of Salt Lake City, but it proved a failure. We had been used to running mills in Canada with heavy streams and a low head or a fall say from 2 to 8 feet, and we thought a very little water would do, but we had too little there and we could not make lumber. This first winter was very mild. There was hardly any snow in the valley and very little in the mountains. There was no rain either, and the sun shone all winter. Archie and I sowed six acres of wheat and moved camp six miles South of Salt Lake City on the Mill Creek. We moved our saw mill and rebuilt it on that stream, and then commenced to saw lumber and build houses. We got farms there too. By this time provisions were getting very scarce and we were anxious to get in an early crop. We were not acquainted with the nature of the country and thought it a good time to plant all our garden seeds right after a heavy rain in the mud of the clay land. They did not come up. Part of our corn we treated in the same way.

The land was covered with black crickets and they picked our corn off as fast as it came up. This was very discouraging, one thousand miles from any supplies. We took in one of the Pioneers whom we found without any provisions, and our own provisions fell short. We went from half rations to quarter rations and helped it out with weeds and what I could kill with my gun. I shot hawks, crows, snipes, ducks, cranes, wolves, and we also ate thistle, roots, raw hides, etc. I had no cow for I had killed the only one I had the fall before. So there was no milk either. I took the hide of my cow and scalded it and boiled it and we ate that, and believe me it was tough.

I have known my wife, Jane, to pick wild onions and violets as they first came up on the hill sides, and take them home and boil them and thicken them with a rich gravy made of two spoonfuls of corn meal. A small plate of this would make a meal for my wife and me and our three children. We were blessed though, even if we were short of rations, and our children never cried for bread. All were quite contented and we enjoyed good health.

A Bear Story—At last when everything in the shape of eatables was about at an end I took my rifle, pistols, bowieknife, and hatchet, and started for the mountains. I left what little food there was and went up Mill Creek Canyon, and unexplored place. I found no road to follow. There was nothing but bear trails. After traveling some distance, keeping close watch I caught sight of the face of a bear looking from behind a low bushy pine tree at me. I being a stranger, thought he might feel friendly towards me and come and meet me. I wanted him to do this for I wanted to make a dead shot. Under other circumstances I might have not been so anxious for his friendship, but I thought of my hungry children at home. I could defend my life with my rifle, and I did not want to make a random shot at his nose or hind legs. But he did not wish to entertain strangers and left in a hurry. I was brave then, seeing him run, and I took after him, but we never met again. I followed him up the mountain about a quarter of a mile, and for the first time in my life when in good health I

was given out. It was through weakness because of lack of food. I could go no farther and concluded that I was in a poor fix to hunt bear, so I started to come back, but could not walk over ten steps until I had to stop and rest. I shook all over with pure weakness, so I made my way home and the best I could without my bear. I discovered plenty of pine timber on that bear hunt.

Grain—We went up to our patch of winter wheat to see if the crickets had left any of it. I found some that had not been watered on high spots and it was getting ripe so I picked a few bundles and brought them home, six miles away and beat some out, cleaned it and had some boiling in a short time. That was one of our first good times. I used to think in those times that if I ever got any grain that had grown in that Valley I would be so thankful that I would make an offering of it to the Lord. But when I got that wheat in the pot I watched it closely until it began to get soft, then I got some in a bowl and ate it. I thought it was the sweetest thing I had ever tasted and forgot all about the Lord until I had finished. Well, I was thankful anyway, even if I did forget to make an offering of it. From that time on we always had something to eat.

William—When my eldest brother, William, came into the Valley with us, he took a notion not to stay with the camp and drove about 40 miles north up the valley to the mouth of Weber River Canyon. He and Adolphus Babcock took their families. It was right in the Indian country and the High Council took action on them and sent the Marshal after them and brought them back. William camped with us and helped us on the saw mill. Then he took his eldest boy and started for California by what was called the South Route. But when he got to the Sevier River he met a Mountaineer named Baker who told him that the Indians would surely kill him, so he turned back to Provo River and went up that Canyon to Fort Bridger and stayed there until spring. There they had stolen from them two out of three of their best horses. In the spring they started with the one horse for Missouri. They went back, wading rivers up to their necks, but they got through and went to work in a Pork house. While he was away his wife and two or three children stayed in the same house with me and my family.

Pioneer Living—Archie and I went into the partnership building mills. Our houses and land were near together on Mill Creek, and father built a small log house near by. We built a saw mill in Mill Creek Canyon and one over on the Jordan. We raised grain, built houses, raised stock and collected means rapidly. On November 28, 1848 my daughter, Sarah, was born at Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah. My next child, Elizabeth, was born at the same place January 1, 1851.

It is almost impossible for the reader to get a full understanding of the nature of this country and the sufferings of the first settlers. But you can form some idea of it by imagining families of from five to ten crossing a trackless wilderness of over one thousand miles with provisions to last until more could be raised, with seed and tools and implements, or if they were mechanics, their tools, their bedding, clothes, household articles all stowed away in one or two wagons. The wagons were hauled by one yoke of oxen perhaps and the rest unbroken cows. Many of the teamsters were women or little boys because five hundred of the best men had been called into service by our Government to go and fight in Mexico. When

we reached our journey's end we were in a country where it seldom rained and the land had to be watered from the streams in the mountains by ditches which we had to construct. These conveyed it over the face of the land. This was work in which we had had no experience. And there were pestering grasshoppers and crickets ready to consume everything we might have grown. These are facts for I was there myself, and what I have written about myself and families concerning scarcity of provisions is about an average of the experiences of the whole camp.

Some of the families were better provided for than mine, and some were worse off. Some died from eating poisonous roots. Now do not forget that those Saints were very poor when they started to cross the plains. Many of them had been driven from their homes in Illinois under the lash of hickory switches, hardly getting time to look around and see their houses and grain stacks in blazes.

It was in the year 1851, August 5, that I married my second wife, Cynthia Lovenia Berry, after which I moved on to the Jordan River to run our saw mill, and stayed there two years. During this time my son, John Alexander, was born July 8, 1852. My next son, James, was born May 10, 1853, by my wife, Jane, at Mill Creek.



Jane McKeown
1st wife



Cynthia Lovenia Berry
2nd wife



Mary Ann Carr
3rd wife



Leonora Cannon
4th wife

While I was living at Jordan I erected a small grist mill in connection with the saw mill. Then I moved back to Mill Creek and Archie moved to the Jordan. Then we dissolved partnership, and I built a new grist mill on Mill Creek. About this time I was getting in comfortable circumstances. I had a good mill, a good farm, a good pasture well fenced,

two span of horses, two yoke of oxen, and twelve head of milch cows, and a good comfortable house, and was out of debt. In all I was worth in property about \$10,000.00.

As I have stated before my eldest brother, William and his son, John, had gone back to the states to work. They had returned in two years and bought them a farm on Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah. While living there, William married a second wife. Her name was Janet Livingston. His daughter married Roswell Bradford and his son, John, married Elizabeth Hill. After William married his third wife, Mary Smith, he moved to Cache Valley, and his son remained on the Cottonwood farm. During that winter John went to visit his father. The snow was so deep on the mountains that he had to leave his horse and travel by foot, and he froze to death a few miles from his father's home. Some time after this, William took his two wives, and three children, and went to California. His daughter, Margaret, had married Robert Hill.

My wife, Cynthia, gave birth to her second son, Royal Joseph, April 10, 1854 at Mill Creek. My next born was Thomas Henry, by my wife, Jane, July 23, 1855, at Mill Creek. Cynthia's third child, a daughter, Janet Armielia, was born March 17, 1856, at Mill Creek.

AN ACCIDENT

I was using the water of Mill Creek to run my mill and water my farm and pasture, and about 1856, it was taken out above my place by other appropriators and it left my place dry. I was counseled to finish a canal which was partly constructed to Big Cottonwood, a distance of six miles from which to get water to run my mill and irrigate my farm in place of the Mill Creek water. In this undertaking I turned over my horses and stock to buy lumber and pay for work digging the canal and making flumes, until all my stock was gone excepting two yoke of young steers.

After I brought the water to Mill Creek from Cottonwood, I could not keep it in the canal. The canal ran along the foot of the mountain, around side hills, and across hollows and kept breaking. It proved a failure. This caused me to lose all my crop, and my mill would not run, and I had paid out all my stock and become flat broke financially. I was to go on a mission the following spring.

This was another tough time in my life. I had broken in one yoke of the young steers, and in the winter time I went to the mountain on foot to slide some dry timber for fire wood. The snow was very deep and the weather very cold. The place of sliding was about five miles from home. The place for sliding was very narrow, and on a steep mountain side, and the snow was about five feet deep. When I reached the sliding place I was not aware that men had gone up ahead of me. I had climbed about a quarter of the way up the slide and I was met by a log which was running like an arrow and it struck my right leg below the knee, peeling off all the flesh clear to the bone, about four by six inches. On account of the mountain being so very steep my foot gave way in the snow and did not break the bone. When I looked down and saw the blood and the wound the first thought presented to me was, "will this prevent me from going on a mission?" I took hold of my leg with both hands and raised it and found it was not broken, and said: "All right I will go on my

mission." My next thought was: "Get out of here or another log will get you and take the rest of you." I crawled out of the track into the loose snow where I could not see myself anymore. I then crawled to a high place on my hands and knees where I could see the road below. Two men were coming up the canyon. I hollered and they heard me and came to my relief. I placed one above me to watch for logs which might be coming and give the alarm and the other dragged me down the slide, but before we got half way down my pants were all worn out and my bare body was on the snow. The snow had run up my back inside my shirt clear to my neck. I looked back along the track, and it looked like a hog had been stuck and then dragged along through the snow. I then sent the men down the canyon to get a team to haul me home. They hauled me on to some dry logs which had been slid down and left me alone. I then began to look for the piece of my leg, and found it down in my boot. I took my handkerchief and tied it to my leg. It was hanging by the skin on the lower end. I nearly bled to death. I was very faint and could not get any water so I had to lick snow. I was wrapped in snow. After a while a team came up with a sleigh without a box or bottom, they rolled a few logs on it and laid me on and started home. When I got to the toll gate at the mouth of the canyon, they gave me a drink of cold water. I was still wrapped in snow, and the cold water together with the loss of blood nearly cost me my life. It threw me into a chill.

When we reached Father Neff's mill, one of Bishop Brinton's sons went to Neff's home to get some liquor for me. Porter Rockwell came back with him and brought me a tumbler of whiskey and molasses. I began to pour it on my wound, but Porter said to pour it inside so I did both. He wanted me to go to his house so he could sew it up for me, but I didn't want to go to anyone's house covered with blood as I was, so I asked him to go with me to my home and do the work there.

He placed me down before the fire and washed my leg, and got a handful of fine salt and laid it on the bone and lapped the flesh on it in its place and commenced to sew it with silk thread. He put in a few stitches and then his heart failed him. He could not do any more, and no one could help me. So they held me up and I sewed it myself. That is, I took the needle through and he tied the threads and we made a good job of it.

He then ordered Chamberlyce, and boiled it down and soaked a flannel bandage in it and bound around my leg. He forgot to tell my folks to loosen the bandage when the limb swelled, and when it swelled I came so near dying that I did not know anything. Someone, however, had the presence of mind to know what was the matter and loosened the bandage in time to save me.

Another time I had a narrow escape. I was closed in an air-tight room while I was recovering from this wound. My brother, Archie, was visiting with the family and they closed the doors to keep everything quiet for me on account of my nervous condition. After a while they thought they heard some kind of a moaning sound and came to my bed room and found that I had nearly breathed my last. They tried to open the windows but could not. They soon found out what was the matter. In the building of this home I had employed an old country carpenter to do the woodwork, and he had made some very close joints. It thawed

and was very damp and the woodwork swelled air-tight because it had not been painted.

Tea Parties—When the wound began to heal I soon recovered. My neighbors were all very kind and would get up "tea parties" for me and come and take me and my family to their houses and bring us home again. The kindness I received often melted me into tears. I was President of the Branch of Mill Creek Ward and had their sympathy because of the accident I had met with. I was contemplating to fill a mission call, so they tried to make me as happy as possible. I appreciated their kindness very much and felt nothing but blessings in my heart for them.

I will here mention something that happened at three of the "tea parties" which I had no faith in at the time nor ever thought of after until I returned from my mission and I have always been careful since. When leaving to go home from the party I felt to express my thanks for their kindness to me, and felt like asking blessings upon their heads. And on three occasions I jokingly blessed the women of the homes with twins, not meaning it, nor did I think any more about it. But when I returned, those three sisters had six babies, two each, and there were no other twins born in Salt Lake Valley that year that I ever heard of. Now this was a fact whether my words had anything to do with it or not, and I don't claim they had. But so it happened and they all believed it had. I have been cautious about blessings ever since.

FATHER GARDNER

I will now go back and bring up the last account of my father. He lived in a little log house close by my place. He and mother lived alone. He did not join the church until a few years before he died. He paid tithing and offerings and was a strong believer all the time. He was taken with a spell of sickness, and he wished to be baptized and was, and there was ordained a High Priest. He then received his endowments, and every other blessing he could receive, I have attended to for him since his death. He was a good scholar and took good care of my business. And when he died, although I had a large family, I felt like a little boy that had lost his father. He died on the 20th of November, 1855, on Mill Creek, and was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery. My mother lived with my family. My sister, Mary, and husband, Roger, lived about one mile south of Mill Creek on a farm. It was about the 20th of July, 1856, that I married my third wife, Mary Ann Carr, daughter to Sister Higby, who died in Toquerville.

The time had now come for me to begin to make preparations to start on my mission. It was to be a Handcart one. The company had to cross the plains with hand carts. There were no teams, horses, nor mules. I had so far recovered that, with care, I could walk without my crutches.

HAND CART MISSION DIARY — 1857-58

Wed., April 22, 1857—I left my family and home on Mill Creek at 7 o'clock in the morning. I was accompanied by Archibald who helped to haul my hand cart to the City. I went to the Endowment House and received my blessings and stayed all night with Samuel Mulliner.

Thurs. 23—John W. Berry, David Brinton, and I had agreed to be partners across the plains. We loaded our carts and went to the Temple Square. After receiving some instructions from Orson Hyde, President Young came and told us to start. We were escorted by the brass band to the Canal. It seemed that the whole city and a great many of the country folk followed us that far. "God Bless You Brethren," was heard from nearly every mouth. They then gave us three cheers and returned to the city. It was there I separated from my sister, Mary, and her husband. We then went on our journey, and took dinner at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. There I parted with my brother, Archibald, and Roswell Bradford. We then went up the canyon about three miles, and camped by the Cold Springs.

Fri. 24—This morning after prayer the Camp came together and organized for traveling. H. Herriman was appointed President. W. H. Branch was appointed Captain of the Company; Brother Galley, Chaplain; Daniel McIntosh, Clerk; David Brinton, H. Pierce, L. Atwood, I. Terry, and T. Hall, were appointed Captains of tens. The carts which had been broken the night before were mended. Some started on and went over the little mountain, took dinner and then went up the big mountain to the Spring and camped for the night, and a cold night it was.

Sat. 25—After prayer we started up over the top of the mountain, with hard pulling we reached the top. We there took a farewell view of the valley. We gave three cheers and started down the other side where the snow at times was 15 feet deep, until we reached Canyon Creek. There we took dinner and mended some broken carts. After dinner we rolled up our pants and forded the Creek. We then went down the side of the canyon to the point of the mountain to avoid two fords, but had to let our carts down with ropes. Twice the ropes broke and the carts ran two men into a pile of brush and the carts tipped over. We crossed a cold Creek four times that evening. The water was often up to our middles.

Sun. 26—After prayer we started, and crossed the creek five times more, then left it and went over the divide to the Weber River. Here some of the men who were hauling flour from Devil's Gate were camped. They brought their horses and mules and helped us over the river. We camped with them that night, they were very kind to us. We had traveled 15 miles that day.

Mon. 27—We started at 4 o'clock, traveled five miles and took breakfast in Echo Canyon. We then traveled 14 miles and camped for the night. Tues. 28—We traveled 23 miles, crossed Bear River and camped for the night. After dark it commenced to snow. Wed. 29—Everything was covered with snow, and it continued to snow until noon; we started then, but it was very hard pulling through the snow and mud. We traveled 18 miles, and camped at Soda Springs.

Fri., May 1—After repairing our broken carts we traveled 12 miles and camped on Smith's Fork. Sat. 2—Started at half past 4 o'clock, went six miles to Black Fork and took breakfast, then went twelve miles to Black Fork and took dinner; went a mile and a half, crossed Ham's Fork and then went two and a half miles and camped. Sun. 3—Traveled 26 miles to Green River. The river was two and a half feet deep. Mon. 4—We started at six o'clock, went to Big Sandy, 12 miles. We then went 16 and 1/2 miles to the next crossing on Big Sandy and camped. Tues. 5—

Went eight miles to Little Sandy, had breakfast and then went 13 miles to Dry Sandy. Wed. 6—We traveled nine miles to Pacepick Springs on the South Pass, there we took dinner, went over the divide and down to Sweet Water, 12 miles.

Thurs. 7—Took Senunall's cut off on the south side of the Sweet Water and traveled five miles, took breakfast, and then went 15 miles and camped. The wind blew a hurricane all day and all night, and it snowed some. Fri. 8—Went seven miles to Nuday Creek, took breakfast, went 8 miles on the old road, then seven miles to Ice Springs, then four miles to Sweet Water. Sat. 9—Traveled 29 miles and camped on the Sweet Water. Sun. 10—Traveled 10 miles to Devil's Gate and remained for the day. Got new supplies. I wrote home. The mail arrived going to the States from Salt Lake. Mon. 11—Started at 10 o'clock and went to the Bridgers, on the Sweet Water, six miles, nine miles of heavy sandy road to Greasewood Creek. Tues. 12—Went over Prospect Hill to Willow Creek Springs.

Wed. 13—Traveled to Platte River, 16 miles, then went five miles to the bridge over a very sandy road. Thurs. 14—Crossed the Platte bridge to the south side, then went to the Muddy, six miles, took dinner and then 12 miles to the Platte bottom. Fri. 15—Went to Deer Creek, 5 and 1/2 miles, took breakfast, went 9 miles to Fort Boyce. Sat. 16—Went 3 3/4 miles, took breakfast, then went to Laprel, 5 miles and 1/4, then to the Sest Branch of Labanta, 14 1/2 miles. Sun. 17—Went to the Big Labanta, 5 miles, took breakfast, then went over a very long trail 20 miles to the Platte River. Mon. 18—Today we met O. P. Rockwell and B. Noph and went ten miles to their camp on Horse Shoe Creek. There we washed our shirts. We heard some one fire a gun. We thought it was the mail.

Tues. 19—John Murdock, the mail carrier, came to camp. He had left the mail to look for the camp and lay out all night. We looked for the mail to be in by eight o'clock so we crossed the creek and the mail drove up bringing G. A. Smith from the States, and Dr. Bernhisel, our delegate to Congress, and T. O. Angell from England, on the way to Salt Lake. After breakfast, we received some good instructions from George A. Smith. We then went five miles to Spring Creek, took dinner, then went over a very high ridge where we had a hard thunder shower. We then went 8 miles.

Wed. 20—We traveled 12 miles to where the Pioneer road and the river Platte met, then 12 1/2 miles to Fort Laramie. Thurs. 21—We purchased some supplies and crossed over on the Ferry to the North side of the Platte River and traveled 9 miles. Fri. 22—We traveled three miles, took breakfast on the Raw Hide Creek, then traveled 22 1/2 miles to the Platte River. John Wickey killed a deer.

Sat. 23—Traveled five miles, took breakfast on Platte Gabriel and Huntsman killed an antelope. After breakfast we traveled 23 miles, passing Scott's Bluff at 4 o'clock.

Sun. 24—Passed Chimney Rock at nine o'clock. This rock stands on the south side of the Platte River. Looking at it from a distance I would judge it to be a hundred and fifty feet high, shaped like a thin funnel, mouth down about a third of the height. It can be seen at a distance of three or four days' travel from either end of the journey. This day we traveled 27 miles.

Tues. 26—We traveled $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Sand Hill Creek and took dinner, we then went to Castle Creek, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and then $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles and camped opposite Ashpalm. Wed. 27—We traveled $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles and camped on Rattle Snake's Creek. Our provisions were nearly all gone and we tried greens. Thurs. 28—We traveled five miles to a camp of the Snake Indians and traded with them for some buffalo meat. We then went 20 miles over a very muddy road. Fri. 29—We traveled five miles over a sandy bluff, and took breakfast. Here we met some emigrants from Missouri going to California. We traveled 21 miles and camped on the Platte. Sat. 30—Our provisions were nearly gone. We took breakfast on Current Creek, mended one cart, then traveled 25 miles. Sun. 31—We met some emigrants going to California, bought some provisions from them, and traveled 25 miles.

Mon., June 1—We started at 3 a. m. Traveled 4 miles and took breakfast. E. Richardson killed two buffalo. We sent five carts well manned to bring them in to camp. After dinner we traveled 21 miles. Tues. 2—At break of day, Charles Shumway and John Wimmer came into camp from Steward's Horse Train. The train had been doing their best to catch our hand cart company but could not. So they sent these two men who rode all night in order to overtake us. We traveled $32\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Wed. 3—We traveled eight miles before breakfast at the Wood River. We then went to Purrara Creek and then 15 miles down the river. Thurs. 4—We traveled 10 miles to the last crossing of the Purrara Creek and took dinner, then traveled across the country to a point near Loop Fork, 15 miles, to some old wells dug by emigrants. Fri. 5—We traveled two hours and came in sight of Loop Fork river. We traveled 13 miles and took breakfast on the south side of the river. Part of the company went to the river and killed an elk. We made 25 miles.

Sat. 6—This morning John Berry and I went out to find a ford but could not find one to suit us, so we traveled down the river. I, Young and H. Pierce started the night before to find a settlement and they sent out men with provisions. We met on the way. They had teams with which they helped us over the river, so we crossed to the north side at Marindale Camp, a new Mormon settlement, and they soon prepared dinner for us and supplied us with some provisions. We had traveled 10 miles that morning, and six that night. Sun. 7—We passed a new settlement and a new town called Columbus. We traveled 20 miles.

Mon. 8—We started at 4 o'clock and traveled 9 miles before breakfast on Shoal Creek. We traveled 21 miles more and camped on a little lake. Tues. 9—We started at 4 o'clock and traveled to Liberty Pole on the Platte River and took breakfast. We then traveled 12 miles to Elk Horn River for dinner, then crossed the ferry and traveled 12 miles thru a thinly settled country, and camped on Patea Creek.

Arrives at Florence—Wed. 10—We reached Florence on the Missouri River. It was a new town. We reached there 12 minutes before 10 o'clock, making in all 48 days from the time we left Salt Lake City. This was a distance of 1,031 miles.

Thurs. 11—This morning I was called up to go and tap a bee hive, we then had a hurry up call to pack up and roll on. We were able to pack a fine mess of honey. William (McKeown) took me back to Florence in

his buggy. Here I met the company, spent the afternoon in town, then returned in the evening with William. Fri. 12—I had some washing done and helped a man haul some logs to the mill for William.

Sat. 13—I went and saw my wife's mother's grave. William and Steve White took me in their buggy to Crescent City where we found some of our company. We took them and went to Bluff City. This is a wild place. While we were there steamboats came to the landing. We were four in company: John Berry, David Brinton, James Andrus and myself. William and Steven White came with us to the river and stayed with us. The steamboat had left before we reached there. A terrible storm came up and we crawled under some tables on the beach.

Sun. 14—We started for Omaha, 8 miles up the river. The boats had gone. There we parted with William. As we parted he gave me some money and a new hat and a napkin. We crossed the river on the ferry boat and took our passage on the steamboat Minnehaha for St. Louis, and started at 6 o'clock down the river and remained over night at Kansas City. Mon. 15—After some repairs on the boat we sailed down the river. Tues. 16—We passed St. Joseph at 6 a. m. I was taken sick about 10 o'clock.

Wed. 17—At 10 o'clock we arrived at Lexington and there met Mr. Livingston from Salt Lake, who gave us an account of the report which had reached Salt Lake about the Army making preparations to go to Utah. He said that 5,000 mules and horses, and 600 wagons loaded with provisions for the troops are to be sent there this summer, but it was not expected that they would reach there this summer.

Thurs. 18—Was still very cold and cloudy. At six we passed Glasgow and at 3:30 p. m. we passed Jefferson City. The railroad runs up from St. Louis 175 miles. Fri. 19—The weather cleared and the morning was fine. We reached the mouth of the Missouri where it empties into the Mississippi, 18 miles above St. Louis. The boat loaded at Santa Claus, a very dark, smokey place. We went to the Mayor's office. Sat. 20—We were still at Santa Claus and after looking around the place until we were disgusted with it, we devoted the remainder of our time to writing letters. Sun. 21—John Berry started for Tennessee. We attended a meeting at 10 a. m. and again in the evening. I ate dinner with a sister McMaster. Mon. 22—Was another very lonesome day waiting for the boys to get ready.

Tues. 23—Took breakfast with Sister Edwards and she gave me a dollar. Charles Shumway and I purchased tickets on the railroad for Toledo. We took an omnibus to the ferry and crossed over and took the train. Wed. 24—Rode all night and arrived at 2 o'clock and stayed at a tavern for the night.

Thurs. 25—We took passage on a steamboat called Ruby, from Toledo on the Lake Erie. We left at 9 o'clock. It cost \$1.50. It was a fine day and the trip was pleasant. We arrived at Detroit at the mouth of the St. Clair River at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed at the tavern for the night and arranged to go on a boat to Port Sarnia the next day.

IN CANADA AGAIN

Fri. 26—At half past 9 the boat left Detroit for Port Sarnia and we had a fine day and landed there at 4:20 p. m. After securing our lodgings for the night at a tavern we went into the woods and dedicated ourselves and the land of Canada to the Lord, and asked His blessings to rest on us and the place. When it became known who we were and from where we had come it was, "Oh fools." "How many wives have you, and how many has old Brigham? The soldiers are going there to kill all the Mormons."

Sat. 27—We went over the river to Port Huron and there we saw the elephant. A circus was in town, and we met John McCrary and went to Duncan McKellers Tavern and met Phoebe McEllory's men and were well treated. After dinner I went back to Port Sarnia to see James Porter about some money, but on account of the circus I missed him. I returned to McKellers for the night. We went to a grove and called on the Lord in prayer. Sun. 28—After breakfast we went to the grove and held prayer and rested there for some time and then went to the Congregational meeting after which Mr. McKeller invited me into his private room. I spent the balance of the forenoon with him and his wife. And in the afternoon they had me accompany them to the cemetery where three of their children were buried. They were very kind to me. There I saw several of my old acquaintances. Word had circulated around about our being there, and the old prejudices arose again, and we overheard from the passerby and the crowd that gathered remarks about the Mormons and Old Joe Smith and Brigham Young.

Port Sarnia—Mon. 29—After breakfast we expressed our appreciation and gratitude to the McKellers and bid them goodbye. We crossed the ferry to Port Sarnia and went to search for Mr. Forest, Mayor of the City. We found him in his office. We told him our business and he told us he would give us liberty to preach, but we could find no place to stay so we had to travel on to the country. We went about six miles and called at a place to get lodgings. The man was hoeing corn and we introduced ourselves as preachers of the Gospel, and he said, such as he had he would give us. So we stayed and he and his family treated us very kindly.

Tues. 30—The morning was very fine, but the roads were muddy and the afternoon rainy. We traveled up the road past Plimton and stayed at Mr. Anderson's home. He was an old cast-steel Presbyterian, full of prejudices, but he made us welcome and treated us well.

Wed., July 1—It was a very wet morning and we traveled through mud and rain. We called on an old acquaintance, Mrs. Shaw. When we knew her she was Betsy Mitchel. We ate dinner with her and then traveled to Robert Brice's place and were received kindly by him and his wife. She is a sister to my wife, Jane. A great number of my acquaintances came to see us that evening.

Thurs. 2—Betsy, my wife's sister, did some washing for us, and after it cleared up, we helped Robert hoe corn. Fri. 3—It was still stormy and roads muddy, and they persuaded us to remain over another day. It cleared in the afternoon and we hoed some corn, and had a good visit and talk with them, although that neighborhood where the Mormons used to stay is full of taverns and drunken men and wickedness. In their

own way those people are very holy, but they do not want to hear any thing about Mormonism.

Sat. 4—After breakfast I asked Robert Brice for the liberty to have prayer with the family before leaving. He gladly consented, so we prayed and blessed them, and then started East. We called and saw John Cragge and his mother. Then we went down into the Adelaide Township. I called on one man and asked to stay all night, and offered to preach if we could get a church, but he could do nothing for us. We traveled on and called at another house. There a good looking old man sat at the door. His name was Philip Johns. After some talk he said we could stay. He and his family were very kind to us.

Sun. 5—After breakfast we were ready to go, but Mr. Johns invited us to stay. We gladly accepted the invitation. During the day some of the neighbors came in and were very sociable and Mr. Johns offered his house in which to hold a meeting and we gave out a notice of appointment for Sunday, two weeks from that date at 12 o'clock. This would be July 19th, and he was to publish it.

Mon. 6—We left our blessings with this hospitable family and traveled East until noon and called at a house and received our dinner of bread and milk. We then journeyed on and called at a house and inquired for a church in which to hold meeting. The old man was anxious to have us hold one in the school house, so we gave out our appointment for six o'clock that evening, announcing it through the school. We only had a small congregation, but we did the best we could. I spoke on the first principles of the Gospel. Brother Shumway bore testimony and made some remarks, there was no opposition. We were invited home by Mr. Peter Sinclair. The teacher was there for argument, but he made a very poor showing. All he could say was that Joe Smith's name was not in the Bible, so he would not have anything to do with him.

Tues. 7—We started for London, and called at a house and asked to stay. The woman was an old Scotch lady, so she could not keep us, but she gave us our tea and was very kind to us. We traveled on and stayed at a tavern. Wed. 8—We left our bundles at the tavern and went into town. I called on John Wilson, a lawyer, about the money I had left with him or with James Porter eleven years ago, and he was to collect. I found it all right. He had collected \$320.00. I drew \$30.00 to buy me some clothes and pay back to Shumway what I had borrowed from him. Mr. Wilson wanted to know if Mormonism was not all a "fug." I told him there was no "fug" about it, but that it is the Truth of Heaven. He then asked what kind of people were up at Salt Lake. I told him they were the best I had ever lived with. "Well," he said, "What kind of a man is Brigham Young?" I told him he was a gentleman, and the best man now on the earth. At this he laughed and said it was all of the Devil. I told him he had a right to think what he pleased. This afternoon we made our report to the Mission Presidency at New York, Elder W. I. Appleby, and also sent for two of "Parley's Voice of Warning" and Books of Mormon. We attended a meeting of the Church of England where they were trying to make a Bishop. They had two men nominated and quarreled about the election.

Thurs. 9—After attending to some business we went again to the Church of England to see them finish their selection of a Bishop. They

went through long ceremonies and regular nominating procedures and voted by ballot box in a political way. We remained until we became tired of the procedure and came away. In the afternoon I bought some clothes or cloth to get some made, and some books.

Fri. 10—We went up the river and took a good bath, and then walked around the town and afterwards back to our room and spent the remainder of the time writing. We had hired our board and lodgings and were awaiting for word from New York, expecting it by Saturday. Sun. 12—We went to the Methodist meeting and heard the preacher tell a long story about what a mighty great person God was and about the Angels hiding their faces behind their wings, etc. Mon. 13—I remained at my lodging place and copied my journal, giving a description of Salt Lake Country, and gave it to Mr. Wilson, the lawyer. Tues. 12—I went down to Yarmouth to see about my sister's lot. The day was very warm. I reached there near night and found a man living on the lot. The taxes were all paid and the land was very valuable. I returned about two miles and stayed over night at a tavern.

Wed. 15—I traveled the nine miles back to London, but only received a copy of the "Voice of Warning." There were no letters or papers. When I returned to the tavern where we were staying I met Mr. Wilson. He asked more questions and wanted to know if I had come back for more recruits, pointing to a young woman who happened to pass through the room and said, "I suspect you have come to steal the likes of her." I replied that I never was a thief, and do not intend to commence stealing in London.

Thurs. 16—Wrote another letter to New York, not having received as yet the letter from the President.

Fri. 17—Charles Shumway started for Adled to fill an appointment on Sunday at Philip John's place, and I remained in town and tried to get a place to preach in for Sunday, but all the Trustees refused me the use of the Halls. Each time I made an application there were fired at me a volley of slander against Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. However, after meeting so much prejudice and slander I succeeded in getting permission from a Mr. Glass to use the Fireman's Hall. He had a hundred questions to ask, but he was a pretty good natured fellow.

Sat. 18—I went and got 30 hand bills printed at the Free Press office, for which I had to pay \$1.00. I got them at 12 o'clock and posted them around town. They read like this: "Hear and Judge for Yourself. Preaching will be held at the Fireman's Hall on Sunday, July 19, 1857, at 3 o'clock p. m. by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Sun. 19—I went to hear the Methodists at the Fireman's Hall at 10 o'clock, where I was to preach at 3 p. m. There number was but few. I found that the hand bills which I had posted the night before had been torn down. I had posted one on the Hall door, and that was gone also. I was determined not to be bluffed, so I went and put up another and at the hour appointed was present and occupied the pulpit seat.

Mon. 20—I settled my business and went out in the North Country. I stayed at Ralph Mardin's and was treated kindly, but I had no chance to preach. Tues. 21—I started again, not knowing which way to go, and very lonesome, but I had always dedicated myself to the service of the

Lord, and so I continued North. I called at a house during a rain shower and was invited to preach. I did so that night. I took for my text: "Go to all the World, teach them to observe all things, etc." They seemed to like my preaching and gave out another appointment. But in the morning they told me I could not have the house any more.

Wed. 22—Came back to town. There I again met Charles Shumway. Thurs. 23—This morning we met Thomas Hall who came to join us. He brought instructions from the Presidency in New York and we had a good time with him. He brought two numbers of the Book of Mormon from the office. They were the first we had received. I went to see John Wilson, the lawyer and offered him the Book of Mormon and some of my other books to read, but he did not want to see them.

Fri. 24—I wrote a letter to Duncan McKeller, Port Huron. I had a good talk with Mr. Glass, the gentleman who had charge of the hall in which I had preached. I am beginning to be known in town. Some call me the Prophet, some Joe Smith, and some Brigham Young. If I do not get the big head I will be all right.

Sat. 25—Elder Shumway and Hall started for the country early this morning to preach. I performed missionary work around the town and did all the good I could. I took the copies of the Book of Mormon and Mormon publications with me. When they would see the name of Mormon they would hand it back as if it were poison. That was the kind of luck I had as a solicitor. In the evening we returned to our lodgings. All had the same luck. The people were filled with prejudice beyond all measure. I was informed by Mr. Glass that the people resented our using the hall. He had called a meeting to find their wishes regarding the matter, and asked that I call and see him at 10 o'clock that night. I went and was told that they had decided against me.

Sun. 26—We started to find some place in which to hold the meeting and concluded to use the public square. We applied to him and were not granted the privilege. We then went outside the city limits, selected a place and advertised it the best we could. Brother Shumway and Hall went to the place selected and I went to the hall where we had previously announced the meeting. I there met the people who had assembled and notified them of the change of meeting place. There were some saints assembled and made it known who they were, and I had a hearty hand shake once more with the brothers and sisters. I then accompanied them to the place of our meeting. There were five men and seven women, some had come from Scotland this spring, some from St. Louis eight months since, but they were not organized. We had a very nice meeting and then went home with Brother and Sister I. B. Smith, where we had a good old time.

Mon. 27—We went back to our lodging place, settled our bill and got some more money from Mr. Wilson, and then took our things to the home of brother I. B. Smith. Tues. 28—In the afternoon I went out to talk to someone and tried to get them to read our paper, but they knew who I was and would neither talk nor read. Wed. 29—In the afternoon we started north, not knowing whether it was best to keep together or to go alone. We went to the woods and prayed, and agreed to do as the Spirit let. So when we came to the forks of the road, we felt that I should go north and Shumway and Hall to the west. We then blessed

each other and parted. I talked with several people but they all opposed me. Near night I asked for lodgings and was refused four times. I then asked for a ride from a man who was passing in a wagon. He gave me a ride until one o'clock at night. He lodged at a tavern and invited me to remain over night with him. He was very kind to me and paid for my bed in the morning.

Thurs. 30—The gentleman with whom I rode last evening was George Oliver. He invited me to ride again with him, and he took me into Goodridge. I then went to the home of James Campbell, father-in-law of James R. Hamilton, and was kindly treated by him. Fri. 31—I wrote for permission to hold a meeting in the Fireman's Hall, but did not get an answer until Thursday morning, so I stayed out five miles from the town to see George Cook. His wife is a sister to James R. Hamilton. They received me very kindly.

Sat., Aug. 1—I spent the day raking hay with George Cook. After supper, we went and fixed seats in his brother's barn so as to hold a meeting the next night. He sent his boy around the neighborhood to notify them of the meeting. Sun. 2—I spent the day reading, up to the time of the meeting, and then went and preached to a barn full of people. The Spirit did not give much liberty. They were all quite tough. Some made fun of me and what I said.

Mon. 3—I helped Mr. Cook haul hay, but did not get much chance to talk Mormonism to him. That evening his brother, David, came over and we had some talk. Tues. 4—I started back to Goodridge to get an answer about the use of the hall for which I had made application. I returned to Campbell's in Goodridge, and ate dinner with Mr. Campbell and then went to see Mr. Rees about the hall. As usual his answer was "no." He said a great many wanted to hear me preach, and he thought I might get some other place. I then started east by way of Stratsburg to see a man by the name of Cawsey. I traveled 20 miles after one o'clock, and it was a wet and dismal day. I lodged that night at a tavern in a town known as Harperhays.

Wed. 5—Another lonesome day. I passed through Stratsburg, and got to Casey's place at Shakespeare before six o'clock, a distance of 33 miles. I got a chance to ride some in a wagon. I had a little chance to talk to Casey, but his mind seemed to be taken up with the things of the world, he had not time to talk much to me. Thurs. 6—After dinner I went to the home of Bennett, and stayed all night with him. He treated me kindly, but Mormons who did not gather with the Saints when they had a chance get very dry.

Fri. 7—Traveled 12 miles to Brother Chadwick's. Helped him to harvest wheat, and stayed with him that night. In the evening I went to hear a Phrenologist lecture. Sat. 8—Started for London. Chadwick came with me a mile and gave me two dollars. After traveling two or three miles, I found that I had lost my book, the Compendium, so I went clear back, but did not find it. I traveled all day, and reached London after dark, very tired and lame. I had traveled 34 miles, but was glad to meet Shumway and Hall and Brother Smith and family and sisters. I washed my feet and was given a good supper, and we praised God together.

Sun. 9—Shumway and Hall had an appointment at Westminster, so I went with them to meeting. When we returned the Saints had com-

menced their meeting in Brother Smith's home. I then took charge of the business matters, and proceeded to organize the branch. Thomas H. Smith was sustained to be President of the Branch. Alexander Graham was sustained as teacher and Richard Mills as Clerk. The meeting was interesting and good Spirit prevailed. Mon. 10—I wrote a letter to Bishop Reuben Miller and gave an order to Charles Shumway on Mr. Wilson for \$20.00. He started to see his brother-in-law at Milwaukee. After dark I baptized James H. Smith and Alexander Graham. I ordained Smith an Elder to preside over the Branch. Tues. 11—I wrote a report to the Presidency in New York to be published in the "Mormon."

Thurs. 13—Brother Hall and I started out East to try and get a job of harvesting, for the people were all busy saving their grain. We could not get a chance to preach, so we thought it no harm to try and work for a few dollars, as we needed some money. We traveled 7 or 8 miles and got no work. I then said to Brother Hall, "Inasmuch as you are not accustomed to harvesting, you had better go back to London and attend to the appointments and I will go on and get work." To this he agreed and went back and I traveled on till nearly night and was tired, but got no work. I saw a man shocking wheat and inquired of him about work, but he knew of no one who needed help. I asked him to let me stay all night, but he said that on account of his children he had no place for me. I said I would be glad to sleep in his barn. He said, "I might as well keep you," and the next day I cradled for him and that evening helped him finish his day's work.

Fri. 14—I worked with a very heavy cradle all day, and was very tired, but I had plenty to eat and drink. Sat. 15—Cradled all day and was more tired than the day before. He found a place where I could get more work. Sun. 16—Stayed all day with them and slept, read and prayed and rested in his barn. They were very kind to me.

Mon. 17—It was a very wet day. He paid me my money—\$2.50--- and invited me to stay all day or until it stopped raining, but I did not wish to impose on him for he and his wife had been very kind to me. His name was Patrick Halpir. I started to go to Crawford to look for more work at Mill Writing, for the day was too wet for harvesting, but my mind was impressed to come back to London and then start out preaching. So when I came to the railroad I turned to go to London and traveled four or five miles, but the day was wet and I was tired so I paid \$.25 to ride on the car to London, ten miles. When I arrived at the home of Brother Smith, I found Brother Twitchell and Brother McCrary, two of the handcart boys, there with Brother Hall. They all welcomed me. That evening we were invited to take supper with Brother and Sister Ayers. Brother Hall and McCrary were going to Mt. Pleasant to preach and Brother Twitchell and I were to travel together so we prepared to stay until the next day.

Tues. 18—This was our Fast Day and we all agreed to write the thing that was in our hearts and that we wished the Lord to do for us, and if we were agreed and after it was written to be read and recorded in our journals. Mine read: "My heart's desire before God, is that we might have an increase of Faith, and a sufficient quantity of the Holy Ghost to comprehend and set forth to the world, the Gospel and in a way which will please our Heavenly Father, and wisdom always to conduct ourselves

like men of God, and have the Comforter with us." So each wrote in his own journal, and we were all agreed in our desires, though we might have differed in some words. At 12 o'clock that night Brother Hall and Brother McCrary left for Paris on the car to go and preach.

Wed. 19—Twitchell and I stayed at Brother Smith's and I wrote a letter to William McKeown in Iowa. Thurs. 20—We started to travel and preach, starting North on the gravel road six miles and turning to the West and traveled a few miles where we called at a house to get a drink of water, and found there was a Methodist meeting house near there. We went in search of the Trustees and got their consent to hold a meeting that night at early candle light. We had quite a number to hear us. We were invited home and stayed all night with a Mr. Peters and they treated us very kindly.

Fri. 21—Started West and called at Mr. Marden's where we got the key to the meeting house the night before. We talked to them of Mormonism and read our beliefs and they received it first rate, and invited us when we came again to come and stay with them, and promised to try and get the meeting house for us again. We went on West and turned into the woods and read and prayed. After this we traveled west to the town line of Lobo and called at a house and got our dinner and inquired for a church in which to hold a meeting. We found that there was a Methodist Chapel two miles south in charge of a storekeeper. We found him in company with a Methodist Priest, but we could not get the house. We traveled back north and called at the home of an old Presbyterian and got supper. He told us to go to Comaks where the people were sinners.

Sat. 22—The roads were so very bad that we went back to London, and were kindly received by the Saints. Sun. 23—Spent the day reading and met with the Saints at night. Brother Twitchell and I talked to them on the necessity of reforming and living our religion, and they drank in all we said, and the Spirit of the Valley ran from heart to heart. Mon. 24—Twitchell started out to try the big folks, and I stayed at Brother Smith's. In the evening Twitchell returned, but had not much success talking with the big folks, however, he had had some talk with a shoe maker.

Tues. 25—After breakfast Twitchell and I started East. We traveled until after dinner and called at a house and asked for something to eat. We were not asked to sit down. A girl thinly spread two thin slices of bread and as we in the door did stand, she reached them to us in our hands. The bread was so thin it did not satisfy and after a while we called at another house and got some bread and milk, then traveled until dark through a low swampy road and got to stay with a mighty religious man, were very kindly treated.

Wed. 26—We started east and then turned north and east and went thru a mud swamp and came to a school house. We asked the trustee if he would let us preach in it, but he would not grant it, but he gave us our dinner and told us of a man named Gleason who lived in that neighborhood who was a Mormon. We went to his place and found that he was not a Mormon, but his wife, a good old lady, was. He was not at home, but we stayed all night.

Thurs. 27—We went to the Trustees and were granted the use of

the school house in which to hold a meeting at early candle light, and returned to Mr. Gleason's.

Fri. 28—Although a damp morning we went down by the school house and called at the home of Mr. Gleason's son and gave out notice of another meeting for tonight through the school, and then returned to Mr. Taylor's and had a good talk with him and took dinner with him. After dinner I went with his son and bound wheat and Twitchell stayed and talked with him. We stayed and had supper and then went back to Gleason's and got candles and went to the meeting. We preached some of the first principles of the Gospel. Gave out a notice of a meeting at 10 o'clock Sunday.

Sun. 30—A fine clear morning and some frost. We went to the meeting house and quite a large number met. Brother Twitchell preached and gave a good discourse. I followed his remarks, and we both had good liberty. We preached about two hours and promised to hold a meeting again when we returned from the east. We intended going about 20 miles. We returned to Mr. Gleason's and after dinner we went to hear a Baptist Minister preach.

Mon. 31—After breakfast we started to go to Adam Chadwick's, two miles east. After traveling 9 miles we called at a house and inquired the way. They asked us to take dinner. We did so, and they were very kind and we were very thankful. They asked us to make them a good prayer. So we prayed with them and felt to bless them in our hearts.

Peace Maker—Tues. Sept. 1—After having some talk with Brother Chadwick, we found there was some trouble between him and Brother Bennett which they could not settle, so we started to go to Bennett's 12 miles to try and get them reconciled to one another. We reached there in the evening and sent for Brother Casey and he stayed and chatted with us until quite late.

Wed. 2—After I talked to Brother Bennett about the matter between him and Brother Chadwick, I talked to them on the subject of the Reformation. We then started back to Gleason settlement, and after following the gravel road some distance we turned west to take a nearer way and got into swampy, wild country without any road. We got through about five o'clock and were very tired. We called at a house and asked to stay all night but they had no way for us to sleep, but gave us some bread and butter, for which we were thankful. We traveled on and asked at seven different places before we could get to stay. The last place was a tavern. By this time it was late at night and the landlord was away from home, and his wife could not promise to keep us without money, but we stayed until too late for him to come home and at last she told us to go to bed.

Thurs. 3—In the morning the landlord gave us quite a scolding and said we were able to work and had no business preaching. We offered to work for him to pay for our bed, but he would not take it, so we thanked him and left. We called at a home and got breakfast and came back to the Gleason schoolhouse and gave out another appointment. We had a full house.

Fri. 4—Sister Gleason gave us one dollar and we started back for London, 25 miles, and reached there before sundown. We met Brother

Shumway and Brother Smith's family, and were all glad to meet Brother Hall, and Brother McCrary, who had returned to London.

Sat. 5—After dark I re-baptized Sister Smith, her mother and sisters, Rachel and Jane, then we returned to the house and they were confirmed under the hands of Brothers Shumway, Twitchell, Smith and myself.

Sun. 6—This was our Fast Day. We had meeting at 11 o'clock in Smith's house. Only a few attended but there was a first rate Spirit in the meeting. At 4 o'clock Shumway had an appointment four miles out in the country. We went and filled this. We returned to Brother Smith's after the meeting.

Continue to Travel—Mon. 7—We held a council meeting among ourselves at the home of Brother Smith this day about our manner of travel. It was decided that Shumway and I should travel together and Twitchell would go with McCrary. In the afternoon I went to Wilson and got \$20.00 in money and bought some clothes and boots. The weather was getting cold. I loaned Brother Twitchell \$1.80 to get him two pair of garments and a shirt.

Tues. 8—A very cold morning. There were nine of us waiting at Brother Smith's for our papers and expecting to get letters. Thurs. 10—I was taken sick. The Saints had a meeting at Brother Smith's but I was too sick to meet with them.

Fri. 11—We got ready to start and I gave Shumway an order on Wilson for \$7.00 and let him have five of it and kept the other two.

Sat. 12—We traveled some miles north and then turned west and called at an Englishman's house to inquire for a school house in which to hold a meeting, but we found the people were all going to a Camp Meeting. They gave us our dinner, and we had some talk with their school teacher. We asked at three different houses before we could get to stay all night. We finally were received at the home of a Welchman and slept in his barn. Sun. 13—We traveled north and the day was very hot and we turned into the woods and rested most of the day. In the evening we traveled west and got into a swamp and had to turn back. We then called at a house to ask to stay all night and they asked us to take supper with them. They had a preacher with them. He asked us where we were from and when we told him we were from Salt Lake he jumped up and shook hands with us and thanked God that we had escaped that monster, Brigham Young, and that our souls were saved and we were just the men he wanted to see. But how awful was his disappointment when we told him that we had not left Mormonism, but had come to preach it. He commenced to argue against us, but in his arguments showed himself to be everything but a gentleman. We found that we could not stay all night so we left and traveled until dark and asked eight times before we could get to stay, but we made out at last.

Mon. 14—A very wet morning. After it quit raining we traveled north. Came to a school house, and went to one of the Trustees to get liberty to preach, and he gave us nothing but abuse, so we went on and called at an old Irishman's and got dinner; then we traveled west through a very rough country of hills and hollows. What road there was was very rough through thistles and brush. We began to think we were getting nowhere but came at last to a house and asked to stay. The woman said

they could not keep us, but when we told them we were preachers, she said we might stay, and they were very kind to us.

Tues. 15—They told us there was to be a meeting at 11 o'clock about a mile and a half from there. A Presbyterian Minister was going to preach and they were going. They thought we could get the school house to preach in at night. We went and our application for the house was approved. We announced our meeting for six o'clock that night. We went to hear the Presbyterian preacher, but he did not come, so they invited us to fill the appointment. The Baptists were glad, but some of the Methodists didn't like it.

Wed. 16—Started toward Lake Huron and came to a Methodist meeting house and tried to get a chance to preach, but could not. The evening was wet and we started into a swamp without any road in the woods, and with a Highland Scotchman who could scarcely talk English, to show us the way, and a hell of a way it was for we traveled some miles through the swamp in the rain and stayed all night at a man's house.

Thurs. 17—The country toward the lake was not much settled and the road was bad and the weather wet, so we turned to the settlement where we had been and stopped at a house while it rained, and we had dinner. We went back to the place of one Mr. Young and asked to stay all night. They said we were welcome if we could put up with their accommodations. Mrs. Young's sister called in and invited us to her house and said she could give us a better bed. We went home with her and she treated us very kindly and offered her house for a meeting. Her husband was gone from home.

Fri. 18—We concluded to hold a meeting and she sent word around the neighborhood and we went back to Mr. Young's and took dinner with them and returned to her house to arrange seats for the meeting. By this time her husband had come home. His name was George Towel. He got the seats fixed and we had a full house. After the meeting we gave them a chance to ask questions or say anything they wished to say for or against what they had heard, and we had nothing said. We were invited home and stayed all night with Mr. Margson.

Sat. 19—After breakfast we started and called at Mrs. Young's and saw her sick boy and then went to Mr. Margson's and had our dinner, and then went to Mr. Cather's where we had stayed one night before.

Sun. 20—I went with Mr. Cather to their Sunday School. He was the Superintendent and invited me to take part with them, but I got excused. He asked me if I would preach for them at 2 o'clock. I said I would if he got liberty for me to do so. So we gave out notice of the meeting and asked me to dismiss the school. I did and that made the Methodists mad. We went to Mr. Cather's and had dinner. We returned to the meeting house to preach, the people were gathered but the door was locked by the Methodists, and they would not consent to let us in. It made three or four of the people angry and they had a hard dispute among themselves. We offered to preach on the street, but there was much feeling and confusion that we did not get to preach. Some said that they were not going to hear such stuff as Mormonism preached there. One man said, "Joe Smith was shot stealing a man's wife," and a great deal more of such things were said. Mr. Margson gave out an appointment

for a meeting at his house for us to be held on Tuesday night. We then returned to Mr. Cather's and stayed all night.

Mon. 21—We traveled to the south and stayed with a Mr. Cameron.

Tues. 22—We traveled west through a new settlement. In the evening we returned to Mr. Margson's where we were going to preach. There were a great many who came out, and the devil came also in the shape of a Methodist. Wed. 23—We felt that we had done all the good we could in that place. We called at Cather's and they insisted on us staying for dinner and were very kind to us.

Thurs. 24—We continued our way toward London. We stopped at a Welsh house and asked to get something to eat or dinner. When the woman found out that we were Mormons she gave us some crusts. We then got the liberty from two trustees to have a meeting in a school house. Before we closed I said, "We are strangers and would be glad if someone would give us a night's lodgings," but no one spoke, so we waited until they had laughed, and scoffed and gone away, then we traveled on in the dark, tired and weary. We came to a barn and stayed there until morning. It was a very cold night.

Fri. 25—We traveled to London and found Hall and Twitchell at Smith's. They were so glad to see us they shook us nearly to pieces and told us we were called home. I received a letter from William McKeown telling the same, and it was glad tidings. I then began to plan the best way to get money. Sat. 26—I went to Wilson's to get my money, but he was away from home. His clerk gave me \$80.00. Shumway was to go to Port Sarnia to get my bundle and meet us at Detroit. I gave him \$10.00 in money and I intended to settle with Wilson on Monday. Sun. 27—I packed up my things and we had a meeting in Smith's at 11 o'clock and at 6 o'clock in the evening. This was to be our last meeting in London. We exhorted the Saints to be faithful.

RETURN TO THE STATES

Mon. 28.—I went to Wilson's and drew \$166.00 being the balance coming to me, and I lent I. H. Smith \$40.00 and gave Mrs. Smith \$4.00. I went to the bank and changed \$100 in bills for \$99 in gold. Then we had prayers with Brother Smith's family and started for the railroad station and bought our tickets to Detroit for \$3.25. The rain had gone and we had to pay \$.50 each for lodgings that night.

Tues. 29—Met Shumway in the station house and bought our tickets to Iowa for \$6.25, second class, and when we reached Rock Island we had to pay \$1.15 extra to ride on first class, otherwise we would have had to remain over for a half a day. Wed. 30—Arrived in Iowa about 10 o'clock and I had taken sick the night before and had to remain there that day. We bought tickets on the stage to Council Bluffs for \$18.75. Thurs., Oct. 1—In the morning I was some better. We paid our bill at the tavern which was \$2.00 and went to the stage office. The stage was to start at one o'clock. I bought two pair of blankets for \$5.00 and a pair of boots for Twitchell for \$2.75, and 75 cents worth of cheese and crackers. We left for Council Bluffs on the above stated time and rode all night.

Sun. 4—A very wet morning. About 4 o'clock we arrived in Bluff City. Shumway and Twitchell started for Cinahaw on foot, and I got our carpet bags or sacks and went in the omnibus to Omaha at dark and we started for Florence on foot. The night was dark and the roads were muddy. We reached brother Keeler's before he had gone to bed and remained over night with him and found that the Express had started for the Valley two days before we reached there.

Mon. 5—After breakfast we started through town and found some more of the Brethren. William Carter and John Weekley had gone to Genoa to get a mule and try to go through with the Express, but it was uncertain to inquire if there was a chance for us to get home this winter. They were expected back in four days. It looked very dull, but we kept a stiff upper lip and will do the best we can and trust in the Lord. After dinner Shumway and I went over the river to Christon City and stayed all night with Joel Johnson in Widow Babbitt's place. We thought we could get mules there, but could not. Tues. 7—After breakfast I started up to William McKeown's and found them all well. Wed. 8—I returned to Florence and met Brother Shumway and we stayed all night at Brother Rubel's. Thurs. 8—I spent another very sunny day with the boys waiting for the report of Horace Eldredge and President Felshaw upon their return from Genoa. We were again entertained for the night at Brother Rubel's. Fri. 9—About noon William McKeown came over the river to see me and offered me his horse if I were going through.

Sat. 10—William went home and I went to the ferry with him and came back to Brother Kinney's. In the evening Brothers H. Eldredge and Felshaw and John Weekley returned from Genoa and I stayed another night at Brother Kinney's. Sun. 11—The Saints had a meeting at 10 o'clock and they met again in the evening. We missionaries met in council with Brothers Eldredge and Felshaw, whose report we had been anxious to receive regarding our return home. It was understood that provided we could outfit ourselves with four mules or horses and good outfits we might start home.

Mon. 12—We all started to hunt for mules and horses but could not secure any in Florence. We all started over the river to Crescent City. John Weekley and Carter went up to Fisher's to try him for horses and Shumway and I went to William McKeown's and Twitchell stayed at Crescent City.

Too Late to Cross Plains—Tues. 13—We returned to Crescent City and met Weekley there. He had not made a purchase for the trip; we concluded to give up trying to go this fall, but try and get work. I hauled a load of hay in the evening for the Widow Babbitt.

Wed. 14 to Sat. 17—Brother Shumway and I commenced to cut hay for Widow Babbitt, and on Saturday I went up to Johnson's farm and cut corn with Weekley, Carter, and Twitchell. Sun. 18—It was a snowy and rainy day. We all started down to Crescent City and met McCrary and William Smith who were just returning from Canada.

Mon. 19 to Thurs. 22—Hauled hay and wood and chopped for Sister Babbitt. Fri. & Sat. 23 & 24—This morning a little before daylight the widow Babbitt died, and after breakfast I went up to the farm and dug potatoes. I went to Bluff City and dug Widow Babbitt's grave. Mon. 26 to Sat. 31—I went up to I. Johnson's farm and cut corn and dug potatoes.

Mon. 2 to Wed 4—Dug potatoes, gathered squash, and hauled wood. Thurs. 5—Hauled a load of wood and the last load of potatoes. Settled with I. Johnson and got a mule from him. Was to have given him four months' work beginning November 1st.

Fri. 6 to Tues. 10—Rough and snowy. I picked over potatoes in the cellar, repaired the stable and shed and worked on Smith's house. Wed. 11 to Sat. 14—Worked on Smith's house and built a pig-pen. Sun. 15—I was home all day. Brother Carter sold and delivered 23 pigs and 12 chickens. Mon. 16—Went to Bluff City with the team and brought 528 feet of lumber and 1,000 laths for Johnson. Tues. 17 to Thurs 19—Sorted potatoes.

Fri. 20 to Sat., Dec. 5—Gathered corn, hauled wood, husked corn. Sun. 6—Brother Piper and G. Godert called at Johnson's to see us and Gabriel Huntsman returned that far from his mission from Canada. Mon. 7 to Sat. 19—Went to mill, hauled lime and wood and fixed a sleigh. Threshed wheat, did chore work, hauled straw and wood and husked corn. Sun. 20—Carter and I went up to William McKeown's and while coming home we overtook Weckley and William Smith coming to Crescent City. Mon. 21—Hauled wood and went to Crescent City at night and saw the boys in Johnson's room up stairs. Tues. 22 to Thurs. 24—Working at the corn and husking it. Fri. 25—Christmas. Spent the day around the house and went down to Crescent in the evening for Johnson with the team. After supper took him and his family down to Crescent to a ball, then came back and to bed.

Sat 26 & Sun. 27—I rode my mule down to Crescent to see Brother Homer on business. Called at the Post Office and received a letter from Samuel Riter in St. Louis. Went around by Shumway's shanty and husked corn in the evening. Mon. 28 to Wed. 30—Husked corn and went to the mill after dark. Thurs. 31—Finished the corn husking and in the evening drove the team to Council Bluff City with Johnson and family to a party. I stayed at Sherman's until they got ready and we returned home; reached there about 2 o'clock in the morning.

January, 1858—Fri. 1 & Sat. 2—Drove the Johnson family to another party. Stayed all night at Brother Kinek's, and returned the Johnson family to their home. There was no snow on the ground and the days were warm like summer, although we crossed the Missouri River on ice.

Sun. 3—I wrote a letter to Samuel Riter and David Hunter in St. Louis and met in council in the evening. Mon. 4—Carter and I killed hogs and went to Shumway's shanty in the evening. Tues 5 to Sat. 9—Salted pork, did chores and hauled wood. Mon. 11 to Fri. 15—Snow three inches deep. I hauled logs and wood and went to Florence. Thursday was sick with a bad cold. Sat. 16—Was some better and went up to William McKeown's. His youngest child had his hand badly burned. Sun. 17—Returned from William McKeown's to Crescent and attended meeting at night. Mon. 18 to Sat. 23—Hauled wood, went to the river and took Sister Johnson down to the Bluffs. It was wet and there were hard bolts of thunder. The mud was six inches deep. I killed pigs Saturday. Sun. 24 to Fri. 29—Cloudy and some rain. I repaired a stable, sorted and sacked potatoes in the cellar, and it gave me a bad cold.

Sat. 30—Hauled wood to Crescent City. In the evening I was taken

with an awful pain in my hand and arms. Feb., Mon. 1 to Fri. 5—I was still sick and the weather is getting colder. On Thursday I felt some better and went to Shumway's shanty. Cold and snowing. Sat. 6—My sickness returned or had a relapse. Hard frost. Tues. 9 to Thurs. 11—Health improving. Was able to walk around a little Thursday. It is very cold. Fri. 12—I went to get a load of wood but gave out and had to come home.

The Old Wound—Mon. 15—The leg I got hurt in the mountains had been sore for some time. It had never entirely healed up. I discovered a bone or something that had come out. Wed. 17—This day I. E. Johnson started for Washington. I opened my leg with my knife to get out the bone. Thurs. 18—I went over to Johnson's farm with I. Lewis. When I got back I opened my leg further with a lance. Fri. 19—My health is getting better. While searching my leg with a pair of tweezers I probed out a piece of wood as large as a small hickory nut which had been there all the time since the log hit me in the mountains before coming out on my mission.

Mon. 22—Weather changed. Fine warm day. Hauled wood to Crescent City, feeling as smart as a kitten. Tues. 23 to Thurs. 25—Snow nearly all gone, and very warm. Still teaming. I went over to Florence with a load for Mr. Wm. Johnson. Fri. 26—Weather warm. Health good. Snow gone. Revives the mountain fever, but we must have patience. Sun. 28—A fine morning. I have again recruited to a weight of 192.

Back to Work—March, Mon 1 to Thurs. 4—Clear and very cold. Hauled brick for Louis Gadert. Fri. 5—Hauled wood. Weather warmer, health better and home fever getting stronger. Sun. 7—Brother Carter and I went up to William McKeown's. Returned in the evening. Mon. 8 to Thurs. 11—Hauled lumber from the Bluffs and drove the team for Mrs. Johnson to Crescent City on a visit and returned. Fri. 12—Brother Carter, McCrary and myself started over to Florence to see Brother Felschaw, but the ice ran so in the river that we could not get across; had to turn back. Mon. 15—This morning Louis and I started to plowing. He took sick and went out of his head and I had to quit work and take care of him. Tues. 16—I hauled two loads of wood and finished paying for my mule and quit work. The last sixteen days I worked was to make up for the time I was sick.

Wed. 17—Settled with Mrs. Johnson and agreed to work for her all the spare time I had until I started home. Thurs. and Fri. 18 and 19—Hauled sand for L. Godert. Warm weather. Sat. 20—Went to Bluff for lumber for L. Godert. Mary I. Johnson received a letter from her father saying he had talked with a great many men in Washington about sending troops to Utah and they all said that was very bad business, but if they quit the war now it would bring disgrace on the Government, so they agreed to put it through right or wrong. So thought Mr. Johnson. It caused thousands of Mormons to suffer. The first steamboat came up the river today.

Sun. 21—In the afternoon Brother Carter and I went down to Crescent and met with the Elders and had some talk about going home. Mon. 22—John Weekley and I went up to William McKeown's and came back after noon. Tues. 23—Went to Johnson's other farm for a load of wheat and hauled sand for L. Godert in the afternoon. Wed. 24 to Sat. 27

—Hauled sand and plowed. I went to Crescent in the afternoon and got my mule shod. I was plowing Saturday and John Maxwell came up from Glenwood and reported that a steamboat was at the Bluffs. We expect Elders on it.

Sun. 28 to Wed 31—Fixed harnesses, worked in the garden and then went to Crescent and met D. Brinton who had come from St. Louis. April, Thurs. 1—Went with D. Brinton to hunt a horse and went to Crescent in the afternoon. Sat 4—Went to Crescent with a load of wood. Mon. 5—Went to Bluff City and bought \$3.50 worth of leather and 85 cents worth of irons.

Tues. 6—Making saddles. Fri. 9—Went to my brother-in-law, Wm. McKeown's and got a mare he gave me. Sat. 10—It was a very wet day. I went to Crescent and got the mare shod. Tues. 13 to Thurs. 15—Preparing to leave. Went to Florence. Fri. 16—Was working at Crescent and went to a party at Barton's in the evening. Sun. 18—Twitchell and Godert came up to Ellesdale. Mon. 19—Went to Crescent City and bought a wagon from Homer for \$75.00. Tues. 20—Was at Crescent City fixing the wagon. Wed. 21—Making wagon bows. Thurs. 22—Was sorting potatoes in the cellar and the day was as cold as winter. Fri. & Sat. 23 and 24—Hauled wood and went to Florence to see some of the boys.

Sun. 25—Cloudy. There are grasshoppers by thousands. Mon. 26—Making wagon box and fixing wagon. Tues. 27—Mrs. Snider has been sick for some time and I sat with her. The weather was dry and warm. Wed. 28—About 3 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Snider died. On this date Carter and I picked up our things and started home. Thurs. 29—We crossed the Missouri River yesterday and finished getting our outfit at Florence today, there we came yesterday. Fri. 30—We started from Florence today about 2 o'clock for home and went about four miles and camped. The evening was cloudy and it commenced to rain.

May, Sat. 1—We went as far as the Horn. It rained all day and night. Sun. 2—We went over on the Platte road which was very muddy. It was raining when we started. Mon. 3—It was heavy traveling, yet we traveled 30 miles.

(End of Diary)

JOURNAL RECORD

Brother David Brinton, one of my hand cart comrades came along about this time. He had one horse, but no money, so I took him in. And Carter had one horse, and I took him in. About this time the Missionaries came along from England, and we were ready to start, so we all came in one company. At Genoa, a Mormon settlement on the Platte River, we organized. John W. Berry was appointed captain, and myself and David Brinton, counselors or assistants. All the English missionaries were fitted out by the Church, but the Canada ones had to fit themselves out. There was a large company in all. I think one hundred men and one woman, Brother Pope's wife, from Crescent City.

We had a very pleasant trip. The Johnston's Army had gone up to Utah ahead of us, and I learned considerable on this journey. Some of the brethren, whom I thought knew more than I, told me that the intention for us going home was to clean the inside of the platter, then clean

out the Johnston's Army, then go right back to Jackson County, take possession of the county and build up the center stake of Zion, and so on. I thought, well, if that is so, all right. This was on the fore part of the journey, but we had not gone far before I overheard one of our old High Priests whom I had thought nearly perfect swearing that they had a full share of the property in that company, and they had walked nearly all the way. This and other grumbling I heard, made me believe we were not going to Jackson county just yet. With this exception everything went along smoothly.

I think it was at the Seminole Cut-Off that we met Brother Hatch, Brother Bernhisel, and others with a small company going back to the Platte bridge after powder and other things which had been left there the fall before. They told us all about the Johnston's Army wintering at Bridger, and all about the Mormons holding them there and not letting them go into the Salt Lake Valley; that the Mormons had all left their homes and gone south, and that President Buchanan had pardoned them all; and that the Army was now let into the Salt Lake Valley. This was the first we had heard from home for fourteen months. We were advised, as the army had not left Fort Bridger yet to take the shortest cut-off crossing Bear River on that trail, leaving the Army on our left. This we did.

To the Rescue—When we reached the river, deep and wide, we found that it could not be forded. We took a wagon box and calked the cracks, and made a ferry boat of it. Some of the men swam to the other side, and we fastened ropes to the boat from both sides of the stream, so as to row it over and back. We launched it out with the men pulling the rope from the other side, first making the rope fast on our side from which the boat started, but both ropes got wet about in the middle of the river and the current, striking on the upper end sank the whole thing under water. James Andrews was on the boat and could not swim, and when it went down he floated off and called and called for some of the swimmers to come and help him. Three or four jumped in, but were quite a ways away from him. One of the men, named George Metcalf, from Springfield, being on the other side of the river, and another man with him ran down to a bend where he thought James would strike the bank, but he had gone down three times. Metcalf threw himself down on the bank, and had the other man throw himself across his legs so he could reach out into the river and reach down until his face touched the water. As he did that Andrews was passing, and he grabbed him by the hair and brought him out as dead, but he soon recovered. We then used one rope in place of two, and all got over safely.

HOME AGAIN

We then started for the forks of the canyon, through the hills without any road, and upon our arrival we came upon a company of soldiers fixing the road, who were as startled and scared as we were. We did not stop to trade "jack knives," but hurried down the canyon asking no questions, nor answering any. We hurried down to the mouth of the canyon on the Weber River, and nooned, and prepared a report to the Presidency, and Angus M. Cannon and myself were dispatched and sent ahead with

it. We traveled to Willow Creek, east of the big mountain and camped. In the night after we had left the Weber River, Burnett Snow, Enoch Reese, and John L. Smith started on foot and passed us in the night and reached the city before us. We reached the city in good time the next day, but when we arrived there was not a dog to bark at us. Every window was nailed up and every door was closed, and no one to say "Welcome home." This was so uncommon from what it used to be when missionaries came home, there was always someone to come out and meet them. And when I thought of that army being the cause of an innocent people having to leave their homes, I felt like fighting for the first time since I left home. We rode to the center of the city and there found a few of the brethren keeping guard.

A Party—They told me my brother, Archibald, was left on Cottonwood, six miles south running our grist mill, making flour for the Saints to take with them. So we found brothers, Burnett Snow, Enoch Reese, and John L. Smith and we all started down to the mill on Cottonwood. There we found my brother and his wife, Lizzie. Here we got all the news, and they prepared us a good dinner. James Gordon made beer over on the other side of the creek and Archie sent and got a bucket full of good beer and we had a good time.

Before I left to go on my mission, my grist mill on Mill Creek was dried up, and I was counseled by President Young to move it down to Cottonwood and there rebuild it, but by leaving Bishop Miller counseled me to let my brother Archie have half of it for moving and rebuilding it, which I did, and that was the mill above spoken of, where we were then drinking beer. Half of the mill belonged to me. It ground twelve bushels per hour.

In Utah County—We found that President Young was camped at Provo, and my family was at Spanish Fork. After drinking all the beer and having rested we started for Provo, rode to Lchi and stayed all night with my brother-in-law Samuel Mulliner. Next day early we reached Provo, found President Young, and delivered our papers and made report. We had a chat with many old friends. There brother Angus M. Cannon and I parted, and I went to Spanish Fork where I met my wife Cynthia and her children, all well with an increase of one son born to me since I had left. He was born 20th of December 1857, and was named Robert Berry. They were living at the home of Cynthia's mother. After staying and chatting awhile, I went further up town to where my wife, Jane and family were. They were living with my brother, Archie's, folks. I found her and children well. She had another son born the 1st of September 1857, while I was gone, and named him Reuben.

I remained there all night, and next morn I went on five miles to Pond Town. There I found my wife, Mary Ann, staying with her mother. Now I had found all my family. They were all well and living. My sister, Mary, had died while I was gone.

The following day I went back to Provo, 17 miles from Pond Town, to meet my company and get my team, wagon and things. They had arrived a little before I reached there. The company broke up there, and I took my team and things and went to Spanish Fork, 12 miles, and joined my families there, feeling thankful to God for his blessings in sparing me on my mission, and blessing my family while I was gone.

Before I had time to start up in business of any kind the word came from President Young for us all to return back to our homes. It was the intention of the Church when the Army came in to leave this country and go south, and they had moved their possessions and hundreds of tons of flour that far, but when the United States declared peace with us, the Saints came back to their homes in Salt Lake City.

Back to Salt Lake County—I first moved my wife, Mary Ann, back to the Cottonwood mill, and kept on moving until I got all of my families there. I went to work tending the mill and ran it for one year. The next child born in the family was born by Mary Ann; we named her Ann. She was born May 30, 1859 at the mill on Cottonwood. The next born to me was Jane Calinder, by my wife Jane, 28th of October 1859, on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah. Jessie Albert was born 15th of February, 1860 on Cottonwood by my wife, Cynthia.

At the end of the year we moved back to Mill Creek and concluded to repair up my old place. I bought all my brother, Archie's houses and land. I now had about 80 acres of land and a half interest in the mill on Cottonwood, and was out of debt. I went to work again in good spirits to make home pleasant. I had plenty of house room and had all my family under one roof, and ate at one table and had plenty to eat. There were sixteen of the family old enough to eat with knife and fork at the table besides a number of little ones. This was the happiest time of my life, for all was peace and good feelings, and no one need tell me that there cannot be peace and enjoyment in a family where there is plurality of wives in one house, for I had three wives, and all their children under one roof. They had their private rooms in which to retire when they wished to do so. The women took their turn of the work, week about in the kitchen, while the others tended to sewing and other work they had to do. The testimony of all my wives has been that they would for choice rather live in obedience to the law of the Lord, and that is my testimony also.

As I said before, I went to work in good spirits and put in a big crop and fixed up for living. In the fall of the year 1861, on Sunday, the Bishop of my ward, Reuben Miller and his other counselor, Brother Alexander Hill, came to my place on a visit. I was the other counselor. I took them around my farm and the Bishop made this remark, "I am glad to see you so well recovered from being broke. You are nearly as well off as you were before you lost your property and went on your mission." My reply was, "Yes. I was well off once and it all went. I am almost afraid of another fall." In a few hours sure enough news came of another fall. My neighbors reported that they had heard my name called with others to go south on a mission to make new settlements and raise cotton. I was to start right away. I looked and spat, took off my hat, scratched my head, thought, and said, "All right."

THE NEW MISSION

The next day I went to the city and saw George A. Smith in the Historian's office. He laughed when I came in, and said, "Don't blame anyone but me. The President told me to get a list of names suitable for that mission, so I thought of you for one, and thought you would want to go if called so I put your name down. If you don't want to go step to the

President's office and ask him to take your name off the list and he will do it."

I said, "I expect he would, but I shan't try him. I have come to find what kind of an outfit is wanted and when to go."

He said, "This is the kind of men we want." So he advised me, if I could sell out to good advantage, to take one of my families and go down and make a start. So I came home and worked to that end. I left a hired man and my son, William, a boy fifteen years old, to gather the crops. I traded for a span of mules, and started on my mission the 12th of November, 1861. I took my wife, Mary Ann, and two daughters, Ann and Laura Althea. The latter was born February 8, 1861 at Mill Creek, Salt Lake County. We traveled to Provo and were met there by William Lang and wife, Ann. They traveled with us the remainder of the way. We had a very good time traveling until we came to Round Valley. There we met a snow storm right in our faces all across the valley. When we reached the small settlement of four or five houses, the snow was more than one foot deep. The folks did not let our wives into a house. They would not sell us hay for our teams, nor let us turn them into a corral to keep them from running away."

I said to Brother Lang, "I feel like civilizing this town." He said that was his feeling. We went to two men who were killing pigs and asked one of them if they knew of anyone in town who had ever been out in a snow storm, or anyone who would sell us a little feed for our teams at any price. He said we need all we have for ourselves. Then he began asking questions. Who was I and where was I from. I told him my name, and where I was from in a pretty sharp tone. He then asked me if I was the Gardner who had a mill on Mill Creek. I told him I was. He then said, "Take all your animals into my stable and feed them all the way want. I went to your house one night to inquire my way to all uncle's on the Church Farm. You told me the way, but said, 'It is too late to go there tonight. Stay here all night and I will show you the way in the morning.'" He said, "You gave me my supper and breakfast and a bed and would not charge me a cent. So you and Brother Lang must have all you want, for I have plenty." Well, under the circumstances we thought it was good to get the accommodations on any terms, but if he had done what he did without being in debt for it, we should have thought more of him.

To St. George.—We had another snow storm at Corn Creek. It continued to snow until we reached Cedar City, but we had fine weather the rest of the way. When we reached Parowan I met George A. Smith. He told me he wanted me to go where they intended to build the city of St. George. He said there was a small town northeast of the settlement at Washington, called Toquerville, where the people were inclined to go. But as there was little room for a settlement there, the leaders wanted the most of the mission to go to St. George. He wanted me to locate my family and explore the country for timber, and find suitable places for saw mills. He told me to wait at St. George for Brother Snow, who would take charge of the mission.

We continued on south and soon overtook a great many small companies who had started before Brother Lang and I, but who had traveled slowly, as they had ox teams. We now had a chance every night to camp

with a company. When we came to the fork of the road leading to Toquerville there was a long string of wagons turning to this road. But none going to St. George. There was scarcely a wagon track in this direction. Brother Lang and I felt a little lost for a moment, but he said, "We will go where we are told to go, and help make a track." And we have always been glad we did so. The first night after leaving the forks of the road, we camped at Grape Vine Springs. Now we had heard a great many yarns about the Dixie country. When George A. Smith preached to us at Parowan, he said wood was rather scarce down there, but by going twelve or fifteen miles to where there was some cedar and by hunting around we might find some sticks long enough for the fire place by splicing two sticks together. He said another advantage of the country was that it was a great place for a range. When a cow got one mouthful of grass, she had to range a great way to get another. He said sheep did pretty well, but they wore their noses off reaching down between the rocks to get the grass.

Among the other yarns we heard was one about the climate. They said that in St. George, water left in the sun got warmed enough to wash dishes in, while 30 miles away the people had to wrap up in bed quilts or blankets to keep from freezing. The night we camped at Grape Vine Springs, which was near St. George, my wife, Mary Ann, decided to test the truth of this yarn. She put a cup of water on a wagon wheel to see if it would be warm enough by morning to use for washing the dishes. When she got up in the morning, she found a thick coat of ice on the cup, and declared she would believe no more yarns. I explained to her that reason the water was not hot was because the sun had not shone that night.

The next day we came to a place called Harrisburg. This place had been recommended to me in which to settle. It being a very healthful place. So I went and hunted for the town, but did not find it. I found a few places where some cedar sticks were set up and covered with bagoes or ground sugar cane. We then went on to Washington. When we reached the top of the last ridge we found the town nearly under us on a nice flat between two ridges. Here we found some of our old neighbors who received us very kindly. We found Robert D. Covington, the Mangums, and Adams Rickey, and others who had been sent on that mission, some years before. The appearance of these brethren and their wives and children was rather discouraging. Nearly all of them had fever and ague or chills as they are called (malaria). They had worked hard in the country and had worn out their clothes, and had replaced them from the cotton they had raised on their own lots and farms. Their women had carded, spun and woven by hand and colored with weeds this cotton. The men's shirts, the women's and children's dresses and sunbonnets were all made of the same piece of cloth. This tried me harder than anything I of a color, being blue with chills. This tried me harder than anything I had seen in all my Mormon experience. Thinking my wives and children, from the nature of the climate, would look as sickly as those now surrounding me. But I said, "We will trust in God and go ahead." I think this was the first day of December, when we arrived in Washington town. We camped there that night, and the next day Brother William Lang and I went about four miles to the top of the Black Ridge east of where

St. George now stands, and we looked over into there and said, "If that suits our leader, it will suit us." We went back to where we had left our families and wagons and teams. Brother Snow and his company came that night. Brother Pymn and his wife had stayed on the Black Ridge, three miles east of Washington. Their son, John, was born that night, and they all came into camp the next morning. Brother Snow held a meeting. The next day Brother Lang and I joined the company and started for St. George. Brother Snow's company stopped at the spring, while Brother Lang and I and our families came to what we now call the Old Camp Grounds, where we found William Faucett, Robert Thompson and their families. The next day President Snow and family came in and formed a camp on a little wire grass bottom near the wagons already there, and as single wagons and small companies came in and fell in line, we soon had a nice camp. President Snow and Angus M. Cannon then explored the valley and located the site for the City of St. George.

A Visit to Cedar—On invitation I hitched my team to Brother Snow's carriage and went with him to Cedar City to attend a sale of the property belonging to the Old Iron Works, to pay a debt which was owing to the Deseret News Office. We came home by way of Pinto Settlement and Pine Valley. That was the first time I had seen that place. I liked its appearance very much. Timber then grew all over the upper end of the valley, and all around the face of the mountains. There was good grass over the valley, and hills with good black soil in the valley. There was a nice stream of soft running water and many nice cold springs. The valley was high and cold. There was one saw mill in Pine Valley. It had been making lumber, but was not running at that time on account of low water. The springs were not sufficient to run a flutter wheel mill.

Pine Valley—Brother Snow was very anxious to have the lumber business increased, because all the new settlements needed lumber. He asked me if I would like to come to Pine Valley and take charge of the business. I said to him, that I had not come to do my own will, and would go any place I was sent, but if he wished to know my own choice, I would be frank and say I had no further choice of lumbering, as I had spent a good part of my time in that business, and found that kind of work kept a man a great deal of his time away from society, meetings, schools, and so forth. The timber was mostly on mountains and in canyons, and I never knew a man to become rich at the business. For my choice I would rather stay near a good settlement of the Saints, but wherever he wanted me to work there I would try to work. He did not say any more at that time. Brother John and George Hawley, I. Hatfield, William Slade and family, and Isaac Riddle were all living in Pine Valley at the time President Snow and I called first to see the place. They were of the old Mission. Of the new settlers or Mission, John M. Moody and Sylvester Earl were living there. At that time no land except a small garden spot was cultivated. The water had to be used for the small settlement and would not always reach there in the summer time.

Near the mouth the Santa Clara creek, that was the name of the stream running through Pine Valley, was a small settlement called Jacob Hamblin's Fort. Hamblin, with others, had established an Indian Mission there. It was four miles from the present site of St. George.

The day we left Pine Valley we came to Brother Rancher's herd house in Damran Valley and stayed all night. I turned my mules out, and in the morning could not find them, so Brother Snow and I started for St. George, a distance of ten miles on foot. We hunted the mules and explored the country as we went. We became separated and did not find each other until we were four miles from St. George. We had neither road nor trail to guide us.

Building a Settlement—Our first work in arranging the settlement was to locate the land, make fields, and construct ditches. All of which was an uphill business. It was hard to get the water and land to connect. After making a preliminary survey of a field and ditch on the Rio Virgin River, we then went to the Santa Clara stream below Hamblin's settlement and there located a field for fall wheat. We made the water ditches and planted wheat.

I will say on account of my having had some little experience in that kind of business in locating and leveling I had very little time to play. Every one, in fact, was very busy. The weather was very fine. It seemed that the summer lasted until Christmas. On Christmas day we had a meeting and dance on the wire grass bottom at our camp. About the time the meeting was dismissed it began to rain and we began to dance, and we did dance, and it did rain. We danced until dark, and then we fixed up a long tent, and we danced. The rain continued for three weeks, but we did not dance that long. We were united in everything we did in those days. We had no rich nor poor. Our teams and wagons and what was in them was all we had. We had all things common in those days, and very common, too. Especially in the eating line, for we didn't even have sorghum in those days. We got a pumpkin from an old settler, and thought him an awfully good friend.

Part of the old mission was at Washington, five miles east, and part at Santa Clara, four miles west. There were a few settlers at the mouth of the stream. This was known as Seldom Sop, Lick Skillet, Never Sweat. It was a small place, but had all those names. It was a good land and raised good crops. The settlers were James Ritchey, the Adairs, and Mangums, and Pierces. When the rain storm came, lasting three weeks, a little before it quit it got in a big hurry and let down all at once. It raised the streams of the Virgin and Clara Creek to mighty rivers. They ran away beyond their bounds, and carried away some of the best bottom land. The little settlement on the Clara Creek was all under water, and the people fled to the hills. The water was several feet deep in their little log houses. We went to their relief and took them to our dancing tent for shelter. At the junction of the two streams, great cottonwood trees came floating down, roots and limbs. It was said that a large anvil came down ahead of the blacksmith shop. A great many pieces of Hamblin's grist mill were carried down stream for four miles. I helped to pick them up. The Virgin, in stead of being a narrow stream, was in many places a quarter of a mile wide. We had gone to considerable work to level a ditch five miles along the banks of the Virgin, and had spent much time in making a tunnel thru a rocky point. Nearly all hands had worked at this canal most of the winter. In the spring we had to abandon this ditch for the river washed away the ditch as fast as we made it.

A Bishop—About that time I was ordained a Bishop of St. George

and four other settlements, namely, Shoal Creek, Meadows, Pinto, and Pine Valley. That brought under my notice nearly all of the public movements of those new settlements. Suffice it is to say the trouble we had with the ditch last mentioned was a sample of how it has been with us up to the present time, 1884, as far as ditches and dams are concerned.

Trips to Salt Lake City—While giving the names of Mary Ann's children, I forgot to mention the name of John Alexander, my nine year old son by my second wife, Cynthia. John accompanied us south as a help to Mary Ann in taking care of her children, and helping with the chores. The following fall he and I returned to our home in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah. The water had been very high all summer, and the Sevier River bridge was impassable when we approached it. We met Brother Hanks of Parowan, and we took some men and planks from Round Valley and then some planks from the old bridge, and built two rafts. We lashed them together, and ferried our wagons over safely. Then left the ferry in the hands of Robinson Stewart of Round Valley, which was quite an accommodation to the traveling public. The stream ran from bluff to bluff.

When we reached our Mill Creek home we were greeted with the good news of the arrival of two sons, Hyrum Osro and Samuel Alonzo, who had been born during our absence. Osro, Jane's baby, was born February 17, 1862, and Alonzo, Cynthia's baby, was born June 14th, 1862. After we had arranged our affairs and were ready to return to St. George, I was again accompanied by my friend, William Lang. I left John with his mother, and took James, Jane's son.

Previous to leaving St. George on this trip, President Snow requested me to select some men and organize a surveying party to lay out the townsite of St. George. I did that, and drove a large cedar stake in the southeast corner of St. George City, then known as Plot A, Block A. That was in February 1862, and during that same month we broke camp and moved on to our respective city lots. We placed our wagons and built some brush sheds over them and called them We-Ke-Ups. The first tithing paid in, was stored in and under my shed. I was sustained Bishop until November 7, 1869, at which time Joseph W. Young was appointed and sustained to be the President of the Stake, and he chose me as his first counselor and James G. Blake as second counselor.

In 1863, I returned to Salt Lake City. At that time I sold my property, which consisted of my farm, improvements and home on Mill Creek, and my half interest in the grist mill on Big Cottonwood, to President Brigham Young for \$8,000. I was to be paid in stock, wagons, stove, and anything he had to spare. I asked him for \$5,000 in money on the deal to help me start in making a home in a new place, but he said he would not give me a red cent in money, and I always found him as good as his word. So I took some of the above mentioned things, and then paid \$5,000 into the tithing fund to be drawn as I had need for it. I paid \$200 into the Emigration fund, and left the rest in the hands of Brigham Young. I then started south again with my other families on November 13, 1863. We got along very well on our journey, but the weather was very cold for so many small children. I had but one boy large enough to drive and handle a team, that was William. We arrived safely in St. George, but shortly after our arrival quite a number of the family were

taken sick, and came near dying with diphtheria. My small adobe house was not complete so we were living in a tent during this sickness. My neighbor gathered and put on a roof so the sick children could be under cover and in better care. They all recovered but shortly after Jane's baby, Jane Calinder, took the disease and died on March 4th, 1864.

Hard Times—When spring came I moved my wives, Jane and Cynthia, and their families, to Pine Valley. With the help of my older boys and ox teams I started logging and sawing lumber. On October 26th, 1864, Archibald Eugene, my first son by Mary Ann, was born at St. George. That year was a very trying time for the Saints of the Dixie mission. The crops had failed, and many suffered for want of food. The Saints in the north, in and around Salt Lake, were very kind and considerate of us. They collected tons of flour and sent them to us. My brother, Archie, and Bishop Reuben Miller, and James R. Miller and others sent 1600 pounds of flour to us, my family. It surely was a God-send as was that sent to others. Although St. George was in reach of kindly friends, being only 340 miles from Salt Lake City, we had many hardships through which we passed. And only those who experience them will ever know or realize the real suffering.

To Pine Valley—I had arranged for my family in Pine Valley as best I could, but most of my time was taken up in public affairs. I had little time left to devote to my own affairs and my families. While I was superintending the building of the St. George hall, word came to me that my family in Pine Valley was in destitution. I had no team or horses in St. George. They were turned out on the range near Pine Valley. That was in the winter, and Pine Valley was 32 miles away. The weather was very cold, but I concluded to go to their rescue and started on foot with a crust of bread in my pocket, and a pack on my back. I traveled 22 miles that day to Brother Canfield's near the Foster place. I reached there by dark, very tired. They had a very small log or cedar house. I was permitted to sit by the fire and after a while I laid down opposite the door on the floor. This was the only vacant spot in the house, and that on the north side where the wind blew fiercely all night. I placed a stick of wood under my head, wrapped my quilt around me and there spent the night, or suffered all night. By dawn of the day I loosened myself up and found I was not frozen and then started on my journey facing the cold north north wind. I will never forget the coldness of that wind. I had gone about two miles and found that I was freezing so made my way to a ledge of rocks facing the south where the wind did not blow. I tried to strike a match to make a fire, but was too far gone to strike a match. I next tried to run back and forth, such a run it was, under the rocks until I warmed up a little. After a while I was able to make a fire, warm up, and eat my crust of bread, after which I went on my way rejoicing the remaining eight miles to my home in Pine Valley. The snow was about two feet deep. When I reached home there was no one at home and the fire had been covered with ashes. I thought that was a cold reception. I then went to the other house and found no one there and the fire in the same condition. I concluded to stay there for I was so tired. I made a fire and after a while one of my daughters came and told me that the folks had been invited to a quilting. I asked her if she could get me something to eat. She said there was nothing in the house except a little boiled barley,

and she brought it to me. I noticed the tears were close, and felt sorry for her than I did myself, although I was very tired and hungry. I tried the barley, but could not eat it. They had made a mistake by using lye made from ashes to take the hulls off. The barley hulls and lye were all together. All it needed was a little fat to have made soap. By and by the folks came home. They had been pretty well fed at the quilting, and I rejoiced at finding them all well. After resting a little I went to a neighbor's to borrow some flour. Next day I got a span of my mules and started back to St. George.

After I arranged my business there I started for Cedar City, 60 miles away by way of Pine Valley to get flour. When I got within eight miles of Pine Valley my mules gave out. Brother Brown, who was with me, went on to Pine Valley on foot and I took the mules to the side of the mountain for feed. Brother Brown sent one of my boys back with oxen for the wagon. I then took the oxen and went to Cedar City and got some flour. While I was away there came a heavy snow storm and when I got back to the divide on the rim of the basin, between Pinto and Pine Valley, the snow was so deep that the oxen wallowed in it up to their horns. I had to tramp a track six miles more of deep snow and that brought me home. But the road was so bad I could not haul much flour. I had to soon go back for more for I had no faith in boiled barley. The next time I took my mules. They had recruited some, and while at Cedar waiting for the grinding a man came there waiting to go to Pine Valley. He asked to go with me. I told him he could go by walking and helping to drive team to which he agreed. His name was Lehi Dikes. The first night out there came a heavy snow storm. It snowed night and day. My mules began to give out seventeen miles from home, so I had to leave all my load except one sack of flour and we started for Pinto settlement. Five and a half miles was up hill and the mules soon refused to go, so Dikes and I helped to pull the load to the top of the hill. It was the only way to get through. When we got to the top, the wagon drove the team the rest of the way down to the settlement. The old road down had been washed four or five feet deep and was drifted full of snow, being aware of this, I kept the team off to one side, but Dikes was walking behind with his face covered. The snow was flying and drifting so bad, and one time I looked back and could not see him, but saw his hat lying on top of the snow in the wash-out. So I knew where he was. He soon came to the top, and we went on our way rejoicing, for there were houses in sight. We stayed with Brother Robison all night, and were kindly cared for. The next day we left our wagon, harness, and our only sack of flour, and started on foot, driving the mules before us 12 miles. We reached home all right, and I sent my son, William, back with an ox team for the flour. So now the second move was past.

I will let this suffice by saying: This is a fine sample of what had happened and had to be passed through by many who helped to settle this country. I have seen many of my brethren eat bread made from sugar cane seed, seed stripped from broom corn, which had been ground to flour. It looked more like the remains of sage brush ground between horse teeth, than human food. In 1863 President Snow wished me to go to Pine Valley and try to increase the output of lumber, at which time I

moved two of my families there. In June that same year, on the 23rd, I married Leonora Cannon and located her there also.

Erastus, by my wife Mary Ann, was born 5 January 1863 at St. George. He died 17 August 1864. On the 3rd of June 1864 my son Edwin Shanks, by my second wife, Cynthia, was born in Pine Valley. On the 3rd of August 1865 he died in Pine Valley. My daughter Janette Armelia died 23 July 1864 in Pine Valley. My daughter, Cynthia McIvina, by my second wife, Cynthia, was born July 8, 1866, and died January 10, 1869 in Pine Valley. Ella, my daughter by my third wife, Mary Ann, was born December 3, 1866 in St. George. Mary Alice, my daughter by my fourth wife, Leonora, was born June 8, 1865 in Pine Valley. George Cannon, my son by my fourth wife, Leonora, was born January 10th, 1868 in St. George. Nathaniel, my next son by my third wife, Mary Ann, was born December 5, 1869 in St. George. Franklin Cannon, my son by my fourth wife, was born September 20, 1869 in St. George. He died September 21, 1869. Ames Berry, my son by my second wife, Cynthia, was born 16 April 1870 in Pine Valley, Washington Co., Utah. Lizzie, my daughter by my fourth wife, Leonora, born 5th November 1870 in Pine Valley. Richard Carr, my son by my third wife, Mary Ann, was born 4 December 1872, and was blessed by his father December 14th, and died December 15th 1872 in Washington County.

Mayor of St. George—I was elected Mayor of St. George City, in 1872, and served two terms of four years each. My fellow laborer, James G. Blake, in the Presidency of the Stake, was sent on a mission to England to gather out the Saints and edit the "Star." Before reaching home he traveled 23,000 miles. A. F. McDonald was sustained in the vacancy as second counselor to Joseph W. Young on the 9th of November 1871.

I bought a steam saw mill from Roundy and Berry for \$2,000, and placed it in Grass Valley Canyon and sawed 130 feet of lumber, and then sold it to Brice and Samuel Burgess for \$2,500. Some time after that J. W. Young and myself, accompanied James Andrews, Nat Ashby, and Oscar Bently, and went south to explore for timber for the Temple. We found plenty of timber of a good quality seventy miles south at Trumble, near the Colorado River. Brice and Burgess then moved their steam saw mill to that pinery in 1872.

My Family—Susan Leonora, my daughter by my fourth wife, Leonora, was born June 15, 1873 in St. George. About that time I began to realize that I was to raise a large family and maintain them in a hard country. My time was nearly all taken up in public affairs, and there was no pay for public service in those days. I had some stock, but they were running at large doing me no good, so I thought I would gather them up and take them on the mountains, and try and make some butter and cheese to help out. I moved my wife, Leonora, to Pine Valley, and went to the mountain where I found a good place for stock and built a log house, and corrals, and pig-pens, and moved my wife Cynthia on the mountain. That night she was taken sick there. There was no one within four or five miles. She was in a condition of which I was not aware, and coming up the mountain was too strenuous for her. The next morning, my son Robert came, and I sent him down to bring Sister Burgess up. The mountain was so steep, that it took a yoke of oxen and a span of mules to bring her on an empty wagon. With her nursing and tender

care we managed to get my wife down to her son, Royal's, home in Grass Valley, where she was sick for a long time. So, of course, the dairy business was played out.

My first wife, Jane, was too old and Leonora had too many small children to take to the mountain, so I scratched my head and thought what next. I had arranged for a few goods on credit for Leonora to sell and try and make her family self-supporting. So as soon as I could leave my wife Cynthia, I started to Salt Lake to get the stock of goods for the little store and enlarged the business which we had followed for some time. Money was scarce, and there were so many with whom we were well acquainted that we lost the meaning of the word "no," and the goods soon went out and no money came in, so the business played out. Before I moved Leonora to Pine Valley this last time, my son, David Cannon, was born at St. George on November 4th, 1875. Rhoda, my daughter by my fourth wife, Leonora, was born in Pine Valley, April 21, 1878. About that time Brother Snow wished me to come down and superintend the making of roads and other outside business, providing homes and work and tools, and attending to the general oversight of the workers who were getting material for the Temple. There were over two hundred men coming in from different settlements. I received my pay for this work. The first pay I had received for public service.

The United Order—The St. George Temple site was dedicated on November 9, 1871. The Temple was more than four years under construction. President Young and George A. Smith spent a great part of their time in St. George supervising the construction work, and I had occasion to call on them very often. One day President Young told me that he wanted me to get a list of the brethren in St. George who were willing to join an organization to work together, called the United Order. I did so and in two or three days reported to him ten or twelve names. He said that we would start with that many, and would call a meeting and organize. He called a meeting in the St. George Hall, and explained what was wanted. He said the Lord wanted the people to unite in their temporal affairs as well as in their spiritual affairs, and that the time had come for them to enter in to an order of this kind. Others gave their names at that meeting. He then asked the meeting to nominate a president to preside over the order in St. George. Brother William Snow of Pine Valley, nominated me for the president, and the nomination was carried unanimously. Most of the business transacted in that meeting is on record kept by Brother James G. Blake.

There was a little difference of opinion between Brothers Young and Snow about the claim of the Heberville farm. The church had established a cotton farm there in earlier days, but a flood had washed away the dam and ditch, and cultivated land. A new company from St. George had taken out the water, taken in new land and cultivated a larger tract of the valley and had again abandoned the farm when the dam was again taken away. Most of the land, however, was left, and Brother Snow was better posted on the affair than Brigham Young.

During that time the Temple construction was being hurried with all speed. President Brigham Young had sent a large steam saw mill to the Trumble Timber to hurry out the Temple lumber. He turned the mill into the United Order and Brice and Burgess turned their mill into this Order.

Brother Whipple was sent to superintend the work, but they had no hay for the teams, and snow fell so deep that many of the men became dissatisfied with the lumber business, and stopped. This was very annoying to Brigham Young and George A. Smith.

One day I was down at the Temple and George A. Smith drove up in his carriage and called me. He told me to get up in the seat by him and he then stated a conversation about the Temple. He said, "You cannot realize how the President is annoyed over this lumber question, and how anxious he is to get this temple completed. He feels he is getting old, and is liable to drop off at any time, and he has keys which he wants to give in the Temple. They can be given only in a Temple. Bishop Hunter is also very old, and is anxious to do work in the Temple for his dead before he passes away. My own anxiety is great on that subject, and I have been thinking, ever since the lumber business has stopped, where can I put my hands on a man who will not be stopped by a trifle, but will get out lumber no matter what it will cost, that the Temple may be finished without delay, and I can not get my mind on any except you."

I replied: "Brother Smith, if I were to study my own feelings, I would go on a mission to China rather than to go out there, but I have nothing to say. If you want me to go there, I will go and do the best I can." So he said he would talk to President Young about it.

Some time after that when the Order Board was in session, Brother Snow nominated me to go to Trumble and get out lumber which was needed for the Temple. The motion was unanimously carried, but I utterly refused and gave my reasons, which were that I knew or was satisfied that President Young did not want me to get out the lumber. I knew he had his mind on Copeland of Beaver. It was afterwards proven that I was correct.

Lumber for the Temple—After a while the President and George A. Smith started for Salt Lake City, and Brothers Snow and McDonald went to Beaver with them. While there President Young sent for Copeland and tried to get him to go and get out the lumber, but they could not hitch. When they got to Cane Creek, one night's trip from Beaver, they sent me a telegram asking me to go to Trumble and use my wisdom and energy to get out that lumber, and that I would have their blessings and backing. The telegram was signed by Brigham Young and George A. Smith. My answer was that I would go forthwith. Brother Whipple and I took an inventory of all the property and possession of both steam mills and teams and outfits.

I returned to St. George in a few days and found the mason work of the Temple finished, and the workmen were having a jubilee. As soon as I could I started back with two cooks, men and provisions and soon had the mill running. I fitted the mill out with men and took six men with me into the woods. Four with cross-cut saws, and two with axes. I took my bill of lumber needed for the Temple and my measuring pole and axe, and selected and marked suitable trees for the choppers to cut. When they were down I measured and marked them for the men with the cross-cut saws to cut log lengths.

Next I arranged for teams and men to haul logs to the mill. After getting that part arranged, we soon began to fill the mill yard with lumber, and then a lumber-hauling company was organized at Antelope Springs.

managed by Isaac C. Haight. The distance was about half way to St. George. The entire distance from Trumble to St. George was 70 miles. The nearest water was two miles from the mill and it took one man with a team all the time hauling to supply the mill to keep up steam, and for domestic purposes. Our arrangements were quite satisfactory and we soon had a steady stream of lumber running from standing trees to the Temple, causing no hindrance for want of lumber, which pleased the Presidency very much. My engagement was for six months. It was calculated that it would require about that time to get the lumber for the Temple, but we filled all the bills, and sawed a great deal for customers besides.

When my turn was up I gave notice that I wanted to turn the mills over, but I was urged to run them six months longer, and set my own price on my time. It had been proven that the mills had paid all expenses and made a big profit, but I did not feel to accept the offer and request.

Homes for Families—I had started to build me a house before the President started to build the Temple, but he requested that every one at St. George intending to do building should lay it aside until the House of the Lord was completed. I had done that and filled my mission. My time had all been taken up from the time the Temple was started until the time for the roof, and until it was put on, getting material together, repairing roads, getting out rock from the quarries, securing shelter and other things needed for the workmen. Over two hundred of them had been sent from the settlements and were under my supervision from the first, in repairing the roads and getting out rock for the foundation, to the last in getting out the lumber for its roofing and completion. And now since my time was not needed on the Temple, I wanted to return home and get at my own affairs and complete the house I had started before attending to the Temple.

I did not care to hire out, or sell my time any longer, so I settled up the business and started for St. George, bringing my wife, Mary Ann, and the children with me. They had been out there with me.

The next business engaging my time was to build the house. I built it on the first block east of the St. George Tabernacle, on the northwest corner. It was 38x42 ft. When partly finished so that the family could be comfortable, Mary Ann and her family intended to live in it.

Price Ward—Jane and Cynthia and families had good homes in Pine Valley, but Leonora and her family had no home of their own. After I had moved her to Pine Valley and started a little store there to enable her to help herself, and that business failed, I moved her again to St. George and established her on the old Heberville farm in Price Ward. At that place there had been organized a branch of the U. O., and at that time the order had broken up. I found the branch or ward in a very poor state, and most of the people were about to move away. I called them together and held some meetings in which I proposed that as many of them as wished join and buy all the claims that were against the farm, and divide it among the share holders. Each share would be individual property, and each would be responsible for the debts held against the property or land per acre. They were nearly all unanimous for that plan and voted for it. A committee of three were appointed to get the amount of the claims against the farm and the number of acres in the farm. They

were to find the cost per acre, then divide it into the number of pieces called for and a price put on each piece according to quality. Then the people were to cast lots for each piece.

I was on the committee and it took a great deal of time and care, but nearly every one was satisfied and drew the piece they wanted. In dividing the land we reserved a nice little piece of bottom ground near the town plat, which was then used for garden and orchard, and allotted each man a half-acre of it for garden and fruit trees.

Price was a nice little ward, located on a small bench in the center of the Farm, and each resident had a lot on which to build a house, stockyard, corral, and other needed buildings. On one of those lots, in the time of the United Order, was built a large rock house for an all-hands boarding house, but after the Order was broken up and the land was divided the house was not needed for the boarding house. The company sold it to Milo Andrews and myself to divide into two living houses. I afterwards bought Milo's interest or share of the house. He became dissatisfied with the place and wanted to move away. I then moved my wife, Leonora, and family to this place, expecting her to have the house and land for a home. It was about that time that President Erastus Snow, with the Presidency of the Stake, and my brother-in-law, David H. Cannon, came down and ordained me Bishop of that ward.

On the 8th of August 1880 my daughter, Leonora Emma, was born at Price, Washington County, Utah. My family remained there and with the help of my son, George, raised three or four crops. Previous to this my daughter, Susan Leonora, was taken sick there and was taken to St. George and died there. She was born 15th of June, 1873.

About that time I thought my families had independent homes. I had been working to make provisions for them in that way for years. From my early manhood I had been a hard worker, and inasmuch as I was called into that country with my four families, I was required to devote most of my time to public service without pay, so that it was quite difficult to accumulate much means after supporting my wives and children. It was a hard country in which to make a living. I raised 27 children, or made an effort to provide for them as best I could. I have never felt to complain over my lot. I am thankful to the Lord for his manifold blessings to me and mine.

In the last ten years of my life I began to break down in bodily strength. Price was subject to floods tearing out the dams from our irrigation canals and ditches. It filled the ditches up with sand for miles along, so that it was ditch, ditch, ditch, dam, dam, dam, until I was nearly used up. I told Brother Snow how it was with me, and he advised me to sell out and move from there to Pine Valley, where my two families lived, and they would release me from being Bishop of Price Ward. So I took the counsel and sold out, and moved my family to St. George. I had a house and lot there, but no farm nor business with which to support the family.

Mary Ann—My third wife, Mary Ann, became dissatisfied and had been for some time, and wished to leave me. She would not give me the reason for so doing, only because she wanted to do it, because she could do better for herself than I could do for her, inasmuch as I had such a large family to support. She thought that if she had her share of my